

FEBRUARY 8, 1956

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## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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FEBRUARY 8, 1956

Vol. 23, No.

## FESTIVAL OF FAITH

A FESTIVAL OF FAITH is being held in Sydney this week. Organised by the Australian Council for the World Council of Churches, the Festival has among its official visitors delegates from Protestant churches in many countries.

These distinguished churchmen represent a large proportion of the races, languages, and social backgrounds of the earth. Their homelands range from Samoa to South America, from Czechoslovakia to the U.S., from India to England, from Malta to Malaya.

To the layman (and especially to the non-church-going, of whom there are plenty in Australia) this coming together of so many peoples seems like a true expression of the Christian faith—the faith which teaches love thy neighbor.

For such laymen, bitter attacks that have been launched on the World Council by other sections of the Protestant Church are confusing, to say the least.

These confusions, however, should not lead anyone into becoming cynical about the faith being celebrated at the festival.

The history of the Christian church has always been a stormy one. For almost 2000 years the practices of Christianity have had innumerable changes. But the principles have never wavered.

Intolerance, cruelty, and every kind of barbarism over the centuries have never been able to crush mankind's faith in those principles, because in them lie essential truth and goodness.

That man eternally feels the need to seek these qualities is shown by the current turning towards religious faith in Christian countries everywhere.

It is inevitable that differences of opinion should arise about the methods of finding that faith. It is also irrelevant.

The important thing, as the Festival of Faith is designed to show, is the faith itself.

## Our cover:

● The beach-hat is an original by Earl of Capri. Hats inspired by Italian design decorate heads on all the fashionable beaches of Australia this summer. The model is J. Newington, of Sydney, who celebrates her birthday next month. Staff photographer Robert Cleland took the picture.

## This week:

● Agnes Sligh Turnbull, author of a new serial, "The Golden Journey" beginning on pages 8 and 9, is one of America's most popular writers. She is a pleasant, plumpish grandmother who lives at Marwood, New Jersey, U.S.A., where she likes garden and to invent recipes for new dishes please her husband. She says that when she finishes a novel she feels "entirely empty words for all time—that I will never write another." But eventually the ideas for a new plot fill her head and to date she has written eight books and many short stories and articles. Two of her most popular books were "The Bishop's Mantle" and "The Gown of Glory".

## Next week:

● Results of our £2000 Embroidery Contest will be announced next week. See page 15 for exhibition plans.

● Teenage party dresses are most chosen with the hope that the boys will admire them. Next week Candy Hardy presents two pages of color pictures of dresses which boys are sure to like. In the same issue the Candy Hardy Frock Service features skirt and blouse that can be bought ready made or cut out ready to sew.

● Debbie, our teenage chef, shows you how to make bombe Alaska. This is favorite sweet in restaurants and you can make it just as successfully at home if you follow Debbie's clear and simple instructions.

● Hydrangeas are showy ornaments for any garden and can be raised easily from cuttings. Next week's gardening section devoted to them, and six handsome varieties are illustrated in color.

● Other color features include pictures from New York of Richard Collett, who played the leading role in "South Pacific" in Australia for two years, with his Australian wife, the former Dianne Bowser, and their two children.

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

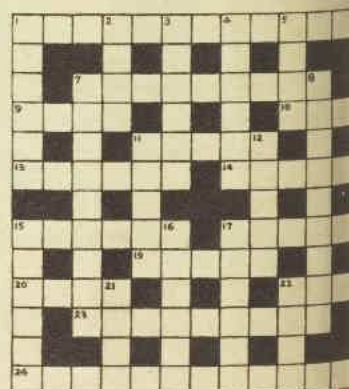
### ACROSS

- This instrument of punishment was surely not invented in the Isle of Man (3, 1, 4, 5).
- Favored flower of Baroness Orcutt (5).
- If in doubt take a grain (4).
- This organisation could weigh a ton (4).
- Necktie hiding a vehicle (5).
- Splendid putrefaction in timber (3, 2).
- Try a broken lamp in the middle (6).
- Remains firm but first makes an offer (5).
- Everybody seems to be indebted with permits (8).
- Provoke us in cold-blooded egg (5).
- Heel over between two teas (4).
- Volcano in Sicily (4).
- Wise dives in profiles (4, 5).
- They fleece their customers (5, 8).

Solution will be published next week.



Solution of last week's crossword.



### DOWN

- Blasted. Sure; at least in the middle (6).
- Left out from an atom itself (4).
- The devil to perform in collision (6).
- Looking on them from outside mistakes are sore (6).
- Mean end of prayer (4).
- Oscar Wilde's play written in French (6).
- Were Shakespeare's plays announced by such means? (4, 5).
- They may be illuminating, but the P.M.S. has nothing to do with them (4, 5).
- First weep violently then turn about to get temperate (5).
- This story is gifted when heard (5).
- Flowers taken as rest (6).
- Pigheaded scatterers (6).
- Desire earnestly a tapering bowl (6).
- Thin slices to have in a stew (6).
- Such waiter enforces customs regulations (4).
- Sheepheaded water-jug (4).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 8, 1956





# CARAMBA! NO!

"What do you mean," yelled Henri, waving his hands furiously at Pepita, "by insulting Mrs. Harrington-Jones, our most valued customer?"

PEPITA'S tiny foot swore in Morse as it tapped impatiently on the cement floor of the small, dusty, badly lit office of the garage owned by Fred Walker, who was seated at the littered desk, giving his attention not to the slim, animated figure of Pepita but to some static figure in a dog-eared old account book.

"Do you expect me to wait years for you?" demanded Pepita, her big, dark eyes glaring angrily at the bent head of the young man. "Do you want me to grow old and wrinkled before you lead me to the altar?"

She looked down at her open hand, where lay, glowing and lovely, the ruby earrings bequeathed to her by her Spanish grandmother. She took one step and pushed her open hand between Fred and the account book.

"If you would stop being stubborn like a pig and take these we could get married soon. Next week, maybe. You sell them and you could pay some of those stupid bills you talk so much about."

Fred reached up and closed Pepita's hand firmly around the earrings. "No," he said, "I've got to do this on my own and I can't afford to marry you yet."

"Afford to marry me? How many marriages do you think would take place if everyone waited until he could afford to get married?"

"I don't know, Pet. All I know is I want to be able to offer you some security." Fred's lips came together in a stubborn line.

"Security indeed!" scoffed Pepita. "At my age? Caramba! No! It is not security I want." She snapped her fingers in disdain. "I want to get married. I want to have six children like my Spanish grandmother did."

Fred folded his arms across his chest. "Come off it, Pet," he said, "And stop this constant talk about having six kids." He stretched out a large hand and tapped the account book. "You'd better face up to it. It'll be three years before we have any hope of even getting married."

"Three years!" Pepita's dark eyes widened tragically. She couldn't wait three years. That was a lifetime. Why was it that men never seemed to have the same urgency to get married that women had? It made things very difficult.

She put the earrings back in her handbag. "We could wait about the children a little while," she said, "if you would only be sensible and let me keep on working a short while after we're married. I could ask my boss about that, Henri is . . ."

"No," Fred almost shouted it. "No. You're not going on working after we're married. You make good money selling that perfume, better than I do at times, and I don't want you telling me you do. Three years doesn't seem too long to me. Can't you be patient, Pet?"

Pepita shook her dark head vigorously. "No," she said. "I cannot be patient. That is why I am here this evening. When I got this idea about the earrings I couldn't wait until

I saw you on Saturday, so I came over right away. And now . . . and now . . ."

She bit her lip. "Oh, what's the use of talking any more? I'll leave you to your silly old books." She ran across the garage and up the street, just managing to catch a tram.

She sat in a seat by the window and watched the shops as the tram rumbled through the city. Why was Fred so obstinate? Why couldn't he understand it was better to have the warm companionship of a man than the unresponsive beauty of the rubies?

Henri had understood. Of course, Henri was a very understanding man. He had to be to make a success of selling perfume to women. And if he thought giving up the earrings was a good idea, then . . . but, had he thought that? What had he said when she had told him what she was going to do?

Pepita narrowed her eyes in an endeavor to recall exactly what had happened. She had been kept late at the perfume salon trying to satisfy that most impossible of customers, Mrs. Cecil P. Harrington-Jones, and she had just finished drawing the heavy green velvet drapes when the thought about giving Fred the earrings had suddenly jumped into her mind. She had had to tell someone, and Henri was the only person left.

He had frowned, at first, and rubbed his little black moustache with a bent finger in a disapproving way. "Give

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A light-hearted romance BY PHYL GURLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNLOP



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Obtainable from all chemists



*Insist on*  
**VENCATACHELLUM**  
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

The sinister city man was on the run and he had come to  
the lonely farm because it was the only refuge he knew.

# DEAD IS FOREVER

A dramatic short story BY JOHNNY MARTIN

THE old man opened one eye and squinted at the man from the city. Still a hundred yards away, his walk betrayed him to the watcher; even in the blanketing heat his were the short, quick, nervous paces of the city dweller, not the longer and more leisurely strides of the outdoor man.

He carried his coat slung over his right shoulder, two fingers hooked through the tailor's tab, fingers on which glittered diamond rings. His white shirt clung to his ribs, and spreading patches of sweat stained his grey trousers.

With every step he sent clouds of dust swirling into the still air, blinding and choking him; sweat oozed from the pores in his face and mixed with the dust, then dribbled in muddy streams down on to his shirt. He attempted vainly to stem the tide with a large handkerchief, but it, too, was soaking wet by the time he reached the house.

He stood, one foot resting on the first step of the verandah, resentful of the old man's obvious enjoyment of his discomfort. The old man rocked languidly in his chair and waved a makeshift fan to and fro in front of his large and bulbous nose. His eyes remained half closed, and his laughter reached only as far as his scrawny throat.

"Hot, ain't it? . . . Heh, heh!"

"Is George home?" The young man ignored the laughter, his own voice soft, almost girlish, but with an undertone of menace. His eyes glittered as brilliantly as the diamonds on his fingers. They were just as cold and hard.

"Call him out."

"Tain't no use callin'," the old man said, speeding his rocking. "George isn't inside, see?"

"I'll wait." The city man climbed the steps and was on the verandah when the woman appeared.

She was a young woman, her short, curly hair bright as gold, her eyes darkly blue. The shabby dress she wore failed to hide the curves of her slender figure.

"You're a long way from anywhere, Mister," she said, and he stared at her, his eyes boldly caressing her.

"I got a ride in a truck." He smiled, showing white teeth, the top of his tongue wetting his cracked lips. "I'm an old pal of Georgie, an' I thought I'd drop in an' say 'hello,' just for old times' sake."

"Friend of Georgie?" She frowned, her eyes doubting him. "Were you at the war together?"

"No, lady." His smile frightened her. "Not in the war. In the city we were mates, before Georgie went bush."

"Tain't no wonder he went bush." The old man sniffed and regarded the stranger with rheumy and hostile gaze. He levered himself from the chair and hobbled to the steps, his body stooped with age and hard work. He looked at the stranger and chuckled dryly.

"Hot, ain't it?" he said, and stomped down the steps and across the yard to the barn.

"He's gone to fetch George." The woman fingered her dress nervously, and the man smiled again, his eyes greedy.

They watched the big man leave the barn, broad shoulders hunched, head thrust slightly forward, half anticipating trouble and ready to meet it halfway. He stopped a yard away and stared at the stranger, while his eyes widened slightly. Then he was mounting the steps and his fists were balled tightly.

"What are you doing here?" He was angry, but trying hard to keep his temper. The smaller man slumped into the rocking-chair and experimented, finding its easy motion satisfying. He said softly:

"Georgie, old pal, don't you remember you always said you'd be pleased to see old mates? I was up north, so I thought I'd drop in an' we'd talk over old times." His gaze flitted from the farmer to his wife. Then he studied the toe of his shoe and his tone was faintly reminiscent.

"Old times, Georgie, remember?"

"Amy, go inside," the farmer ordered, and his wife hesitated, started to speak, then changed her mind and disappeared into the house. George glared at the visitor and his voice was like chilled steel.

"All right, Cal, what's the big joke? You didn't come so far from the big smoke just to say 'hello'."

Cal Marriot rocked gently and watched the old man come from the barn, a bucket in each hand.

"Funny old cove! Who is he? The wife's old man?"

"Yair. Now, what's the strength of you comin' all the way up here? I'm through with the old game and you know it."

"Does your missus know what you used to do down south, Georgie?" Cal's white teeth flashed and he held up his hand in a soothing gesture. "Take it easy, mate. I won't tell her. Not if you invite me to be a guest for a week or two."

"The demons are after you!" George's sudden accusation had little effect on the other man, who grinned as he produced a soggy packet of cigarettes. He struck a match and watched the flame for a moment.

"Right first shot, Georgie boy," he said, "and they wouldn't dream of looking for me so far outback. I'm really hot, Georgie." He chuckled and flicked the ash from the cigarette. "But so are you. The cops would like to know the men who did the Gratton job."

"You'd put me in." George's shoulders sagged as he faced this threat to his new life. "You'd put me in, even though I'm going straight. I even sent my share back to Gratton's. But you'd send me up?"

"Who, me?" Cal feigned astonishment. "Not me—not your old pal Cal. I wouldn't do a dirty trick like that, Georgie—not unless you didn't like my company, see?"

"Amy!" There was defeat in the farmer's voice as he shouted at his wife, and his eyes were dull when he

looked at her. "Set another place for lunch and fix the spare room. Cal's staying for a week or two."

At dinner the visitor talked smoothly, reminding the miserable farmer of the good times they had had in the city, taunting him and enjoying his inability to strike back. While he talked his glance wandered to George's wife. His fixed attention embarrassed her, and he enjoyed that, too.

The old man drank his soup noisily, watching them, his old eyes swivelling from the silent George to the flushed Amy and coming to rest on the slick, smooth-talking visitor. Even in the comparative cool of the house Cal was feeling the intense heat, and globules of perspiration rolled down his pale cheeks.

"Don't like the heat, Mister, do you?" said the old man. "Gets real hot in another week or so. Dry sorta heat that makes a bloke feel all wrung-out."

Cal tore his gaze from the woman and studied the old man carefully and laughed. His mirth was directed at George.

"I'm going to the crick," George said to his wife as he walked out, head lowered in defeat.

The old man drank his tea and squinted thoughtfully at the grinning visitor. He wiped gravy stains from his vest and pushed his chair away from the table. He was thoughtful.

"George looks real sore, Amy. Same kind of mad he got that time at the show when Tad Bolton cheeked you. Nearly killed Tad with his bare hands, he did."

Cal watched him scuffle from the room, then looked at the woman. She avoided his eyes and busied herself clearing the dishes from the table. Cal sat motionless, only his restless eyes alive, his gaze following her trim figure, admiring her quick, deft movements.

"Georgie always could pick good-looking sheilas," he said. "I like good-lookingers myself. Small, slim sorts I like. Blondes in particular."

She bit her lip and hurried into the kitchen, her cheeks burning and her mind bemused. What, she wondered, could have possessed George to allow this animal to impose himself on them. She poured water into the sink and was conscious of Cal's nearness.

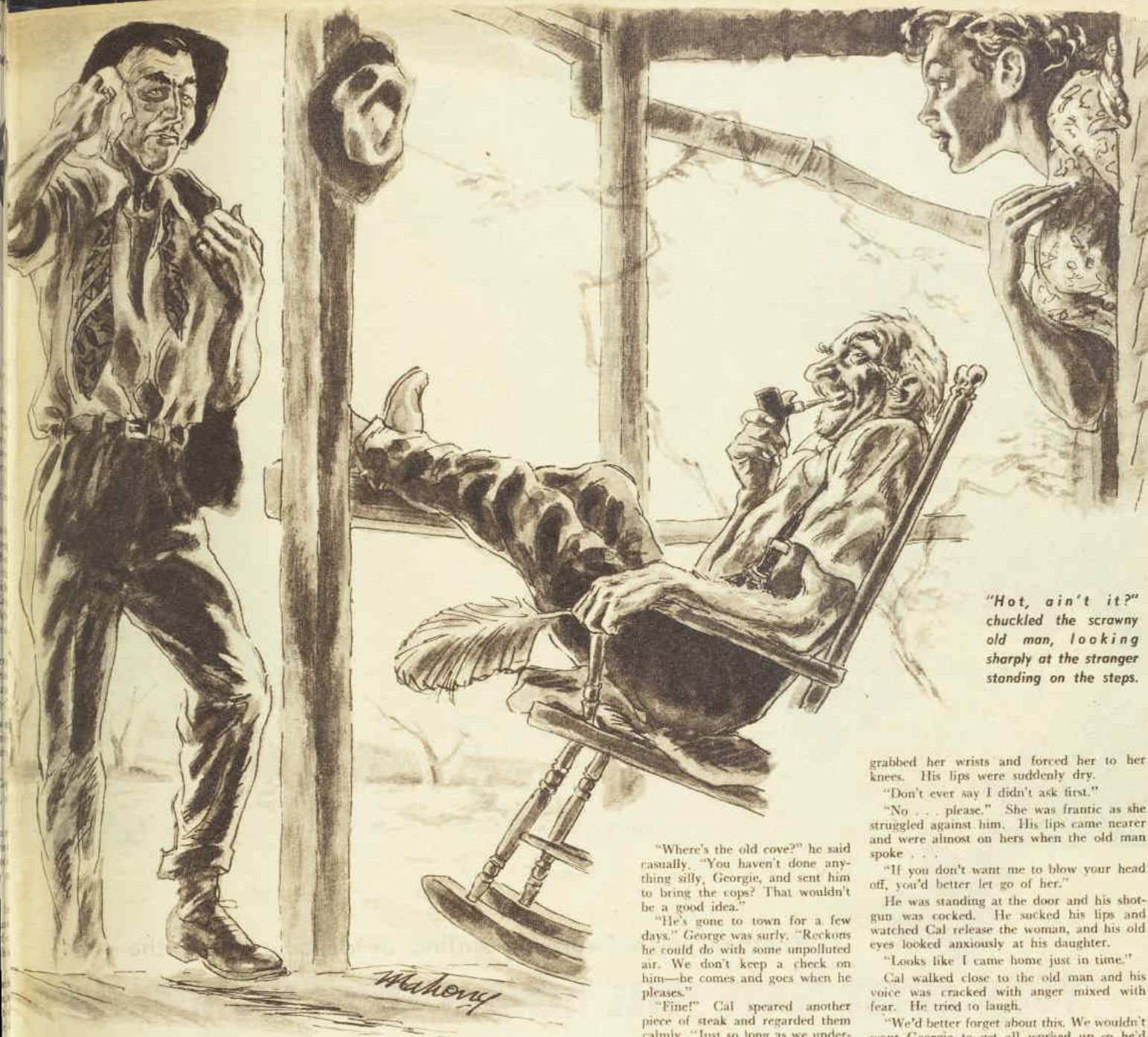
He leaned against the doorjamb, cigarette dangling from his lower lip, his eyes half closed.

"A good-looker like you—Georgie hasn't any right to bury you in this hole," he said. "The city's the place for you—bright lights, silk dresses, and nylon stockings." He moved closer. "You'd be a real stunner if you had the right clothes. You could have any man you wanted."

She plunged her hands into the hot water and exclaimed her shock, realising it was almost boiling. She turned to face him, her face flushed and her voice contemptuous.

"I've been to the city, Mister, and I didn't like it. Georgie is my man, the only man I want."





"Hot, ain't it?" chuckled the scrawny old man, looking sharply at the stranger standing on the steps.

"You've never known another man," he whispered and seized her, his arms around her waist, his mouth seeking her lips. Then slowly he released her and she stood, silent with shock and disbelief. She scrubbed the back of her hand across her lips and he laughed. It acted as a release to her pent-up feelings and she swung her hand hard at his face, the force of the blow sending him back a pace.

"George will kill you for that," she sobbed, and rushed from the room.

Cal grinned and strolled back to the living-room and sat down, leafing through a magazine. He grinned again when he heard the hurried footsteps on the verandah. He lifted his automatic, the muzzle pointing at the wild-eyed George.

"Easy, Georgie! Easy does it!" Cal soothed, and his eyes reflected his merriment. The other trembled with wrath, tensing himself for a sudden spring, but Cal's finger tightened on the trigger as he said, "I'd kill you in one second, Georgie. Dead is forever, mate, don't ever forget. Now relax. I was only having a little fun."

"I'll break every bone in your rotten body," George gasped. "You won't always have the gun. I can wait. If I have to wait a year I'll get you."

Cal's eyes flickered to the doorway, knocking the frightened woman and her father,

who had heard the noise. "No, Georgie, you won't kill me. Not now or ever. Your conscience wouldn't let you do that. And you won't thrash me, because I'd put you in. Your missus wouldn't like to see you go up for a year or two, would she?"

Contemptuously he laid the gun aside and picked up a magazine and started to read. He seemed oblivious of their presence, but he noted the despondent way the farmer put his arm around his wife and led her outside. Even when they had gone outside he could hear George's voice as the big man told his story to the woman and the old man. Cal's ears pricked as the woman began to wail, and a laugh began in his throat and he wet his lips with the tip of his tongue. He was really enjoying himself.

The old man shuffled into the room and walked across to Cal. He sucked his teeth noisily and rubbed one callused finger against his red nose. The word came out like steam from a boiling kettle and was just as scalding. He hissed, "Dingo!" and went to his room.

Next morning he wasn't at the breakfast table, and Marriot stared at the vacant chair with uneasy eyes. He wondered if maybe he had prodded George too far. Then he glanced at the grim-faced farmer and Amy, whose pale face and dark-ringed eyes betrayed a tearful and sleepless night.

"Where's the old cove?" he said casually. "You haven't done anything silly, Georgie, and sent him to bring the cops? That wouldn't be a good idea."

"He's gone to town for a few days," George was surly. "Reckons he could do with some unpolluted air. We don't keep a check on him—he comes and goes when he pleases."

"Fine!" Cal speared another piece of steak and regarded them calmly. "Just so long as we understand each other, everything is going to be okay."

The week passed slowly and the days became hotter, and Marriot sat in the old man's rocking-chair most of the day, watching Amy whenever she went near him.

And finally his hunger overwhelmed him, robbing him of his last vestige of caution. He fidgeted in the rocking-chair, waiting for George to saddle the mare and ride out to the small herd of cattle. He watched the farmer until he disappeared in the distance.

Amy was sewing when he sauntered into the living-room and she didn't look at him, not even when he spoke. His face was shiny with sweat and his palms were itching. There was a tightness in his throat and his voice was husky.

"C'mon, Amy, let's be friends. It isn't right for three people to be at loggerheads."

"Nobody is forcing you to stay." She spoke to him as she would to a small boy. "You can borrow the mare and go to town and we'll be glad to see you go."

He leaned close to her. His fingers touched her wrist and she shrank involuntarily.

"I'm a man, Amy." He was urgent, almost pleading. "I can be a nice bloke to my friends. C'mon, now, be nice to Cal."

Amy firmly pushed his hand from her wrist and stood up, topping him by a fraction of an inch. Her eyes reflected her disgust, and he was suddenly angry that this cocky farmer's woman should spurn him. He

grabbed her wrists and forced her to her knees. His lips were suddenly dry.

"Don't ever say I didn't ask first."

"No . . . please." She was frantic as she struggled against him. His lips came nearer and were almost on hers when the old man spoke . . .

"If you don't want me to blow your head off, you'd better let go of her."

He was standing at the door and his shotgun was cocked. He sucked his lips and watched Cal release the woman, and his old eyes looked anxiously at his daughter.

"Looks like I came home just in time."

Cal walked close to the old man and his voice was cracked with anger mixed with fear. He tried to laugh.

"We'd better forget about this. We wouldn't want Georgie to get all worked up so he'd do something you might all regret, would we?"

"He's right, Pop." The woman was decisive and her father shrugged and walked to his room.

The visit to town seemed to have given new life to the old man. At dinner he talked cheerfully to the silent and sullen trio. George was brooding, Amy hadn't recovered from the shock of the afternoon, and Cal was depressed. The old man had the floor, and he rambled on about his sojourn in the town, his conversation punctuated by dry, cackling laughter. He was in very high spirits and it irritated Marriot. He said sourly, "Did it take long for you to go queer, Pop?" and stalked out to the verandah, flopping into the rocking-chair.

The old man followed him and sat on the top step and stuffed tobacco into an old and stubby pipe. He looked enviously at the rocking-chair and said:

"Forty years I've had that chair. Nobody else ever did sit in it when I was back from the desert. After a couple of months in the hot country I always reckoned I was due for a bit of comfort. Tain't no picnic in the desert, believe me."

Cal rocked leisurely, pleased he had found a way to hurt the old man. He muttered:

"Rocking is soothing, Pop. Too bad both me and you like the same chair. Me, I'm the guest of honor, so I get the chair." He

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and guess who joined the plane at Auckland? Guy Martin-remember him? -also staying here three days. Soon as we put down he raced me off to Waikiki. Spent the afternoon surfing and lazing in the sun. And later had a really wonderful time at the "Royal Hawaiian" over cocktails and dinner. Wore my white strapless which Guy said looked tremendous with my new hair-do. That new Crest has certainly proved marvellous. My wave is so soft and adaptable, even looks shiny and pretty after a days surfing. Tomorrow we are

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# The Decision

A short short story by EDWIN T. CONNELL



Miserably Jim told Pete about the situation and how Nancy had expressed her opinion very angrily and very firmly.



It was nearly two in the morning, and Nancy and Jim Williamson were sitting in the living-room of their pleasant apartment, having the biggest row in the four years of their marriage.

"I tell you it's mean, Jim," said Nancy, her round, pretty face white with anger. She was a young woman with a strict code of ethics, and she did not like it tampered with.

Jim wasn't trying to break the code. He merely wanted to bend it a little. He was also beginning to wish he didn't talk so much about his business at home. From the coffee-table in front of him he picked up some typed sheets of paper and waved them under his wife's nose.

"You can't seem to get it through your head, Nancy," he said for at least the hundredth time. "I'm not going to do anything that will hurt Joe. I merely want to send this idea direct to Bart Howell for a quick look—to let him know that I'm alive. What's so criminal about that?"

"It's going over Joe's head, that's what," said Nancy. "And, I repeat, it's mean."

Jim worked for R. B. Ward & Associates, a large and solid public-relations firm. He was a writer on one of the major accounts, a nationally popular soft drink, and his progress had been too slow for his liking. His immediate boss was Joe Marshall, the account executive, who, in turn, reported to Bart Howell, executive vice-president.

"I won't really be going over Joe's head," protested Jim. "Look: day after tomorrow, Joe's leaving on a two weeks' trip to the coast. He's already told me that if anything comes up about the account while he's gone, to check with Howell. So I go to Howell with this promotion idea. If he buys it, it's a feather in my cap. If not, at least he knows I'm in there pitching. Now, what's wrong with that?"

"What's wrong with it is the principle of the thing, corny as that may sound." There was an edge in Nancy's voice. "You're supposed to submit your ideas through Joe, but you want to wait until he's out of town so you can sneak around behind his back."

Jim flushed. Deep down inside he knew it was the truth, and it hurt. "You and your ideas! If I listen to you, know what'll happen? Joe will thank me very kindly, and I'll go in the same drawer with the six other ideas I've turned in in the past two months—and that'll be that."

"I'm nearing thirty, honey. I'm getting tired of this noble rut I'm in. I want to start moving—find out if these ideas of mine are any good. It'll never happen the way I'm going."

Nancy put her hand up to his face and smoothed back the lock of hair which had fallen over his forehead.

"I'm sorry I spoke the way I did just then, darling," she said. "I know how you feel. And you'll

get there, too. But it's important how you get there. I don't want success just any way."

Jim got to his feet. "You don't want success, period. I do, and so I've made up my mind to take this idea to Howell, direct, next week."

For the first time since they were married, they went to bed without kissing each other good night. It was also their most serious clash over principle. As he rolled and tossed that night, Jim wondered if he didn't talk too much about business at home.

He had always liked to talk over his ideas with Nancy. She took a lively interest in what he was doing, and he listened to her suggestions.

This attitude had been the basis for their happy marriage. Now, he wasn't so sure . . .

The next evening, when he was walking through the train, Jim heard a voice hail him. He turned, and saw Pete Connors, who was motioning to the empty seat beside him.

Pete was also in public relations, an account executive in a small firm. He was ten years older than Jim and had once worked at Ward and Associates. He had left because he thought his talents had not been appreciated.

Jim found him a pleasant social companion and confidant, even though Nancy, who had met Pete a few times at parties, disliked him intensely. She regarded him as one of the "corner cutters."

"You look worn out," said Pete, as Jim sat down. "Have a rough day?"

Jim nodded, and in a few minutes he was pouring out the story of his fight with Nancy.

"I know just what you've been through," said Pete when Jim had finished. "It used to be that way with me and Alice. And let me tell you something else, chum: Don't fight it. You can't win. Not that I don't think you're right, mind you. What you want to do is standard practice for getting ahead in this business. In my book, it's the only way."

"But since you've taken this to Nancy, my friend, you've no choice. Put it on Joe Marshall's desk like the lady says, and forget about it. If you don't you'll never hear the end of it, no matter how it comes out."

"What did you mean—'It used to be that way with me and Alice'?" Jim asked.

"I meant we don't have that kind of trouble any more," said Pete. "I figured out an angle. I never tell her anything until it's over, and then only if it comes off. If I want to do something, I do it."

"If I make a mistake, she can't climb all over my back, because she knows nothing. Now we get along fine," Pete continued. "Haven't had a row in don't know when." He grinned. "Peace, it's wonderful."

Jim patted his friend on the shoulder.

"Thanks, Pete," he said.

"Thanks a lot. You've been a big help." He had reached a decision.

On the way home from the station Jim stopped at a florist's and bought

some flowers. When Nancy came to the door he handed them to her and gave her a warm kiss. "You win, honey," he said. "Principle conquers all. The idea goes to Joe in the morning."

Two weeks passed, and shortly before noon on the day Joe Marshall returned from his trip he called Jim into his office.

"Sit down, Jim," he began, smiling broadly. "Have I news for you! You've scored, boy. I've just come from Howell, and he's right down the line on it. Your idea of having local TV stations put on disc-jockey shows after school, so they can invite the high-school kids in to dance, with our client providing free refreshments, is loaded with good-will potential. How does that sit with you, boy?"

"I'm flabbergasted," said Jim. "Most of all, I guess, because I gave you that idea two months ago. When you started out, I thought you were talking about the idea I brought in just before you left."

"Oh, that one," said Joe. "It wasn't sound, Jim, too much expense for what we'd get out of it. But when you brought it in that morning, it reminded me of all those other ideas of yours that I'd been saving and hadn't had time to go through. So I dumped the whole batch in my brief-case and read them on the plane."

"Now what's wrong with my principles?" said Nancy, that night, when he had told her all about it, including the news that he had been appointed assistant account executive and had received a healthy rise in pay. They were celebrating with dinner in town.

"It also shows," she continued, "that some companies do recognise merit, even if it does take time."

"You're so right," said Jim. "However, I must confess that principle had nothing to do with my decision."

Jim related his conversation with Pete that night in the train. Then he added:

"As I listened to Pete's design for living—his blueprint for outwitting you and getting my own way—I remembered something. I had dinner with the boys in Louie's. Pete was at a table with his wife. You know, I watched them for nearly an hour, and they didn't say one word to each other."

"I saw us in that situation a few years from now, and I didn't like it. It may be peace, but it ain't wonderful. I'd rather fight your principles with all the lack of character that's in me, for the rest of my life—and lose—than endure you with compatible boredom."

"That's the most unprincipled and also the nicest thing I've ever heard you say," said Nancy, leaning over in the crowded restaurant and kissing him very thoroughly on the mouth.

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Opening instalment of our new serial . . .

a compelling and unusual love story

# The Golden Journey

BY AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

Author of "The Bishop's Mantle" and "The Gown of Glory"



THE great curving stairway hung delicately between the floors like an unsupported cloud, as though designed only for light, happy, unladen feet; but the two men, with no thought of the beauty of its architecture, descended it now heavily and without speaking. They crossed the wide hall, still in silence, and entered the library at the rear of the house which James Kirkland, the host, indicated by the slight direction of his finger.

Once within the room, which now in the late March afternoon was filled with the young, golden light of spring, they faced each other as two bare souls freed from all bodily limitations might conceivably stand to demand and to deliver the truth.

The second man, Dr. Hertzog, was short and stout, built with a large head, lined face, and tight lips which looked hard when closed, but with merciful dark eyes behind his thick glasses.

Kirkland waited, his tall body and aquiline features rigid. He swallowed with difficulty, his own eyes fixed upon the other as though the man before him held life and death within his power of giving.

"Mr. Kirkland," the doctor began, "you brought me to this country a week ago at great cost to see if I could help your daughter. In that time I have met with the other physicians who have had charge of the case; I have heard every detail of the accident and of all the treatments given since. I have made my own examinations and tests, ending with these I have just finished here in her own room in the last hope that she might under those circumstances be more completely relaxed. I have left undone nothing which all my training and experience could suggest. And I must sadly now report to you that I am forced to concur with the American doctors who have for these past months been working upon the problem."

Kirkland sank into the chair behind him as though all strength and volition had gone out of him.

"You, too," he whispered. "Is there then no hope at all?"

"There is complete hope that in all other respects she will remain a healthy and normal girl. But I cannot hold out any honest assurance that she will ever walk again."

He paused, watching the stricken man before him. His English was excellent, but the heavy accent seemed to put additional emotion into his words.

"I am a doctor, yes, but I am not what you call a cold professional. I have feeling for all my patients, but I tell you now with honesty I have never so greatly wished to help anyone as I have to help your daughter. She is your only child?"

Kirkland nodded. "All I have in the world."

"She is beautiful, very beautiful, and with a mind as well."

Kirkland's face worked convulsively.

"She has everything, doctor, everything for her life's fulfilment. She graduated from college a year ago with honors, she has beauty, as you can see, and a fineness of spirit which I know better than anyone else. And now, now at twenty-two she's condemned for life . . ." A terrible sound broke from him. "I could curse God and die!"

The doctor had not sat down, though neither was conscious of the fact. He paced now slowly back

and forth, his heavy head low, his hands behind his back. The lines on his face had gone deeper.

"No, Mr. Kirkland," he spoke slowly, calmly, "you will not do that. You are thinking small. We must never think small. I may speak so to you for I have seen much tragedy. More than you can even imagine. We in Europe these past years have had to learn to bear, to endure, and to try not to—how shall I say it simply?—put the blame on God. Who of us little people can know what are his powers or his limitations? Perhaps the heart of the Eternal suffers with us, no?"

James Kirkland straightened, his face now composed but grey.

"I am ashamed of my outburst," he said, "but I am her father and I've never until now given up. Surely you can see . . ."

The other nodded. "I know. I see all too well. As I tell you, I would give much, much to be able to help her. My full diagnosis will be sent to your own physician later. To you I say this: Like the others, I find no actual physical reason for this paralysis of the limbs. It is caused by some subtle, some undetectable nerve injury which evades us, but which, I am convinced, is deep and permanent. I only wish I could feel otherwise. And now, Mr. Kirkland, I must take my leave of you."

Kirkland rose and drew an envelope from his pocket.

"You have been kind," he said, handing it to the other. "Your coming at all was a very great favor. I deeply appreciate it."

The other fingered the envelope without opening it.

"It is a very large sum. I feel, now, a little embarrassed. When I set my fee I had expected—you must not think I speak in vanity, but it has happened that I have had a large measure of success—I had hoped to be able to render a commensurate service."

Kirkland waved away his reluctance stiffly.

"Do not think of that. You have done all you could. The money is of no consideration."

"In that you are fortunate," the doctor replied gravely. "You will be able to make her life more happy or, shall we say, more bearable and full. One more thing before I go. You will not have to tell your daughter of my report."

"She knows?"

The other nodded. "She asked me for the truth. I told her. She has courage. She . . . she smiled and thanked me. It moved me greatly. I shall always remember her, always."

He wrung Kirkland's hand and walked quickly into the hall and on towards the outer door.

Suddenly he stopped, stood for a full minute as though considering, and then, looking up at Kirkland, who was watching him closely, made a sign again towards the library. When they had re-entered it Dr. Hertzog seemed visibly agitated; he stood upon the hearth rug, looking at Kirkland uncertainly.

"I am about to do a thing which I feel is very unwise. All my professional judgment is against it. Yet I will be haunted always by your face . . . and your daughter's. This that I will tell you is an

unrelated fact merely. You will now make me your promise you will take it as such."

Kirkland assented, his strained face surprised and intent.

"So!" said the doctor. "Many years ago I had a patient in the hospital in Vienna, a young woman, married only a few months. She had had a bad accident in climbing a mountain and was brought in for dead. Gradually she recovered except that her legs were paralysed. I did all I knew, to no avail. She went home, as we believed, never to walk again."

Kirkland was scarcely breathing.

"Yes?" he prompted as the other hesitated.

The great doctor spoke with more difficulty.

"Later her husband reported to me that she was going to have a child. It was born in our hospital. I was in close touch with the case. While she was in desperate labor she stood up, quite unconscious that she was doing so, and walked across the room with the nurse's help. Some subtle nerve block in the brain had apparently been released. Afterwards her legs functioned normally."

Dr. Hertzog moved towards Kirkland and caught him by the shoulders.

"I was somehow constrained to tell you this, but I must insist that you accept it, as I said before, as an unrelated fact. Even if your daughter were now married, even if she sometime were to have a child, there would be no slightest reason to expect a similar result. In these so delicate nerve injuries each is different from every other. You understand, do you not?"

Kirkland's voice was harsh in its intensity.

"I must get this straight. I must be completely clear. Please answer my questions. Was the condition of this other girl similar, in your opinion, to that of my daughter?"

"Outwardly, as far as one could judge, I should say, yes, but only outwardly. I must insist . . ."

"All right, let us go on from there. After the birth of her child that young woman regained the use of her legs."

"That is so."

"Beyond those two facts you will say nothing?"

"I will not," said the doctor, "because I dare not. And I pray your forgiveness for saying what I have."

Kirkland held out his hand.

"Thank you," he said.

The two men looked deeply into each other's eyes for a long moment, then with no further word spoken Dr. Hertzog hurriedly took his leave and James Kirkland walked back towards the stairs.

He stood, looking up at their fragile, curving beauty. When he and Alice, his wife, had planned the house twenty years before, the stairway had been her dearest wish.

"I want to see Anne coming down it one day in her wedding gown!" she had said. "So it must be the most beautifully ethereal staircase in the world!"

He had laughed at her then, tenderly, as a man laughs at the woman he loves, but even as he teased her his own inner mind had suddenly held the vision of a young girl in filmy, flowing white with Alice's

To Page 34

There was a second of embarrassment as Hackett announced dinner. Then Paul stepped quickly to grasp the bar of Anne's chair. "Please let me," he said.







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#### WORKING WIVES



**SHE HANDLES PATIENTS PERFECTLY.** To be a dental nurse you should be quick-thinking, neat and very particular about your hands—like Mrs. Gordon, of 106 Archer Street, Chatswood. Mrs. Gordon is a dental nurse working to help save for a trip overseas. Asked how she keeps her hands so soft and smooth with all her own housework to do, she says: "I take good care of my hands. For instance, I always use Persil on washday because it is kindest to my skin. And Persil washes cleaner than anything else—my uniforms are always absolutely snowy."

P. 122.WW6/2g

## Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published.

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WITH thousands of Olympic visitors only a few months away from our shores, it is surely time the public bodies in our tourist resorts and big towns took stock of the souvenir postcards and books available to visitors.

Nearly everywhere, even in the loveliest places, one finds the same dreary racks of postcards—photographs taken with little imagination or artistry and reproduced in awful glossy black and white. In many cases the captions are the only means of distinguishing one from the other. Despite the amazing progress in color photography and printing, these cards show little, if any, improvement on those of 30 years ago.

If we had well-printed, attractive souvenir cards and folders at reasonable prices, tourists would surely buy many more of them and Australia would get far-reaching and valuable tourist publicity.

£1/1/- to "Souvenir" (name supplied), Thornleigh, N.S.W.

WHEN my son turned 15 he decided that he had had enough school. I insisted that he stay till he got his Intermediate, but he packed up his clothes and said he was going to get a job and keep himself. It nearly broke my heart, but I agreed. I gave him £10 to help him over the first week. He was back within the week. Board (without laundry) for five days had set him back £5/10/-, and the best job he could get offered £5 a week. He has a good job now with good pay and excellent prospects and I am very proud of a letter he wrote to me: "I reckon that I have the best mother in the world. If you hadn't let me prove to myself that I needed more education, I'd never have worked and I'd probably be in some dead-end job now, instead of here where the sky's the limit."

10/6 to "Proud Mum" (name supplied), Pucawan, N.S.W.

VERY few people have the ability to listen to someone else talk. Nearly everyone I know (man or woman) wants to hold the floor all the time. As a result, the quiet person has very little say, and sometimes these quiet people have better ideas and suggestions than their brothers and sisters, as they give more time and thought to problems. I am a quiet person who loves to listen to others talking rather than talk myself. But my secret ambition is to attend a meeting and see all the other members gagged for a few minutes so that I can have my say without an interruption.

10/6 to "Listen, please" (name supplied), Yoomcri, Qld.

MANUFACTURERS show little ingenuity in the painting of garden tools. To the ardent gardener it may be of little moment that his implements are of the dullest colors. However, to a reluctant gardener, such as I, a wheelbarrow in daffodil and charcoal, a grey-and-cyclamen lawnmower, or a spade in a delicate shade of lilac, would provide a greater incentive to the accomplishment of such mundane tasks as clipping, planting, and digging.

10/6 to Miss N. Cave, Ashbury, N.S.W.

WHY do parishioners always assemble at the back of the church and leave half a dozen or more front pews empty? It must be annoying to ministers having to shout a patchy gathering at the back of the church when parishioners could be grouped cosily round the pulpit, adding much to the warmth and friendliness a church service warrants.

10/6 to Mrs. P. Rapson, Chatswood, N.S.W.

### Babies at pictures

IN reply to Mrs. K. Needham (The Australian Women's Weekly, 18/1/56), who says small children and babies should not be taken to pictures, as an usherette I definitely agree. Never a night passes without one and usually mothers having to walk their babies around the theatre. Other youngsters are put in the aisle to crawl around and possibly be trodden on. Surely these mothers cannot be too selfish to realise the effect of this on their children and how annoying crying children are to other theatregoers.

10/6 to "Usherette" (name supplied), East Gosford, N.S.W.

I CANNOT agree with Mrs. Needham (The Australian Women's Weekly, 18/1/56). I live in the country, where baby-sitters are unobtainable and nights out are few and far between. My baby sleeps quite contentedly in his pram in an open-air theatre and I do not feel that his health or happiness is impaired in any way.

10/6 to Mrs. G. McClintack, Narrabri, N.S.W.

### Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

AFTER the first week of the school holidays there was much disagreement between the two oldest children, so I took two calendars and hung them in a prominent position in the kitchen. At the end of each day a star was drawn in that day's square if behaviour had been good. If it had not been satisfactory I put a cross instead. Each child had her own calendar and there was keen competition to see which one gained the most stars. Before the end of the holidays there were more stars than crosses and everybody enjoyed the holidays.

£1/1/- to "Peaceful Holidays" (name supplied), Rockhampton, Qld.

## Ross Campbell writes...

MY wife was delighted when I told her I was going to work for The Australian Women's Weekly.

Then a worried look came over her face.

"They're terribly fond of quads," she said. "Does this mean you'll expect me to have some?"

I told her not to be silly.

Still, I thought I had better have a word on the subject with the Staff Superintendent.

"I know this is a very quad-minded paper," I said to her. "So I ought to put my cards on the table at the start. I haven't got any quads. What is more, I don't look like having any."

The Staff Superintendent could not have been nicer.

"Think nothing of it, Mr. Campbell," she said. "We like quads here, certainly. If you had quads, so much the better. But seeing you haven't, we're not going to hold it against you."

"Thank you, ma'am," I said.

She thought for a moment and asked: "You haven't got triplets, by any chance, have you?"

### QUAD PRO QUO

"No. Only three singletons."

"No bid," she said absent-mindedly. "I mean, that's a splendid start. Goodbye, Mr. Campbell, and good luck."

I went away greatly relieved by the paper's considerate attitude.

I like quads as much as the next man.

But my approach to them is what you might call that of a spectator sportsman.

I think they are fun to watch, but I'd rather not be connected with them personally.

I shall never forget the fright my old wartime friend Bumper Jones got a few years ago.

He had a couple of children already.

One night he came home and found his wife knitting four tiny garments.

"Hey, what goes on?" he said. She blushed four times and said: "We're going to have four little strangers, dear."

Bumper was knocked all of a heap.

"Oh, no!" he gasped. "Four waking up separately and wanting a drink of water! Four crying when they dream about crocodiles! Four saying 'I want to sleep in your bed!'"

Luckily it was a false alarm. The family doctor had made a mistake.

When Bumper's wife went to see him, he had been tuning the engine of his four-cylinder car all the morning.

In my own family, we have never had quads on either side.

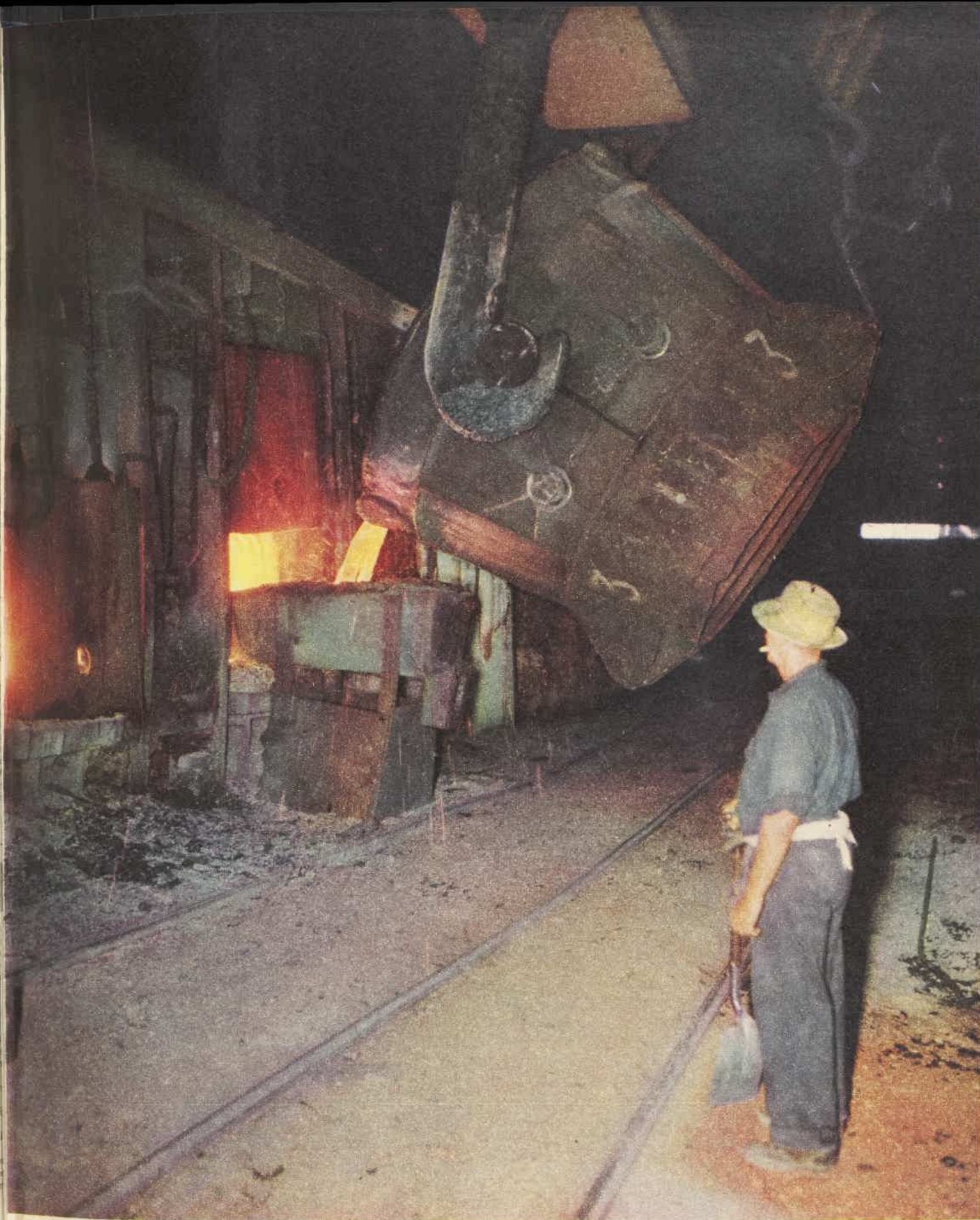
That doesn't mean we never will, of course.

We have to take our chance like everybody else.

But if quads do come I have one advantage over poor old Bumper Jones: it ought to mean quick promotion.







## THIS IS AUSTRALIA

**THE OPEN HEARTH.** Dwarfed by the huge ladle at an open hearth at Broken Hill Proprietary's steelworks at Newcastle, N.S.W., Charles Lawless gives the furnace a 60-ton "drink" of molten pig-iron to raise the temperature of the metal in the furnace. Mr. Lawless, one of B.H.P.'s 6000 Newcastle employees, has worked for 34 years in the open-hearth department, where each of the 14 hearths produces up to 350 tons of steel in 12 hours. B.H.P., as well as providing the steel framework of Australian industry, is a world leader in the production of cheap, top-quality steel. Until 40 years ago B.H.P. was a silver-lead mining company with large iron-ore holdings in South Australia. In 1913, after it turned to steel, a site was cleared on the swamps of Port Waratah, near the Newcastle coalfields. By 1915 the first steel was rolling from the mills. Picture by staff photographer Ron Berg.



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## SECOND INSTALMENT:

# MY DAUGHTER GRACE

● During a lull in the terrific hullabaloo that arose just after Prince Rainier III of Monaco proposed to my daughter Grace, I had a chance for a few quiet words with the Prince. At that time I had not settled on my pet name for him, which is Ray—that's short for Rainier, and appropriate. He did bring a ray of sunshine into our home when Grace accepted him.

By Mrs. John B. Kelly



MRS. JOHN B. KELLY, author of this article, and her daughter Grace at home in Philadelphia. The Kellys are a handsome, brainy, and closely knit family with great energy.

I WAS then calling him Your Highness. I told him his rapid assimilation of our American ways, customs, and speech struck me as remarkable.

"You catch on quickly," I said. "In fact, I believe you will understand what I mean when I say Your Highness is a fast worker."

In this the Prince is very like his future wife — my daughter Grace. Grace is a fast worker, too. Her entire career has proceeded with the speed of one of her Prince's racing cars.

The transition from girlhood to womanhood in Grace's life occurred while she was studying at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York City.

It was a gradual change and with it came — inevitably, I imagine—her first affair that actually looked as if it might end in marriage.

The situation was one for which I was, I must say, rather unprepared. I had coped with her first proposal (which had come when she was only 15) and I had seen her sorrowing through the illness of Harper Davis, her first boy-friend and the boy she named much later as her first real love.

But to her father and me Grace was still a typical teenager. She never finished any project she started. Once I tried to get her and her best girl-friend, Marie Frisbie, to help me sell stockings for a benefit for the Women's Medical College.

They sold a few pairs, then gave up.

Many of her interests those days were equally short-lived. She said she liked knitting, but whenever she started a dress or a scarf she'd become bored and put it in a drawer before it was completed.

Her bureau drawers are still full of those unfinished knitting tasks.

Then, too, like some teen-aged girls, Grace wasn't the neatest individual in the world. Her bedroom was constantly cluttered with things she'd discarded and let fall on the floor.

Our other three youngsters all had been taught to keep their things in order, and so had she, but her quarters were helter-skelter.

I was always picking up after her, hoping she would grow out of it. She did to some extent, but not entirely. Even today she's not exactly tidy. In New York one day not long ago, as I was picking up things in her apartment, I said: "Gracie, I hope you'll always have money enough to have someone to pick up after you."

"Yes, Mother, I hope so, too," she said.

Since she became engaged to Prince Rainier III I've heard there are 250 rooms in his palace. I often wonder if there'll be enough people in his retinue to pick up after Grace in 250 rooms!

Haphazard though she was in her teens, she wasn't at all wishy-washy about her ambi-

tions. She'd decided she'd be an actress and, after graduating from Stevens School for Girls, she attempted to enrol in Bennington College, Vermont — a school noted for its fine drama courses.

Time and again it's been reported that Gracie flunked mathematics in the entrance exams and couldn't get into Bennington. She might well

have failed in maths if she taken the exams, but the reason why she didn't go to Bennington was that she lacked the required credits.

Mrs. Marie Magot, an friend of mine, then came forth with an alternative. Her own daughter had gone to the American Academy of Dramatic Art, New York. Marie arranged for Grace to read for the Director, late Emil Diestel.

He was much impressed by her reading and although she was swamped with applications he made a concession to Grace and permitted her enrol.

Grace was transported, knew that the academy was one of the finest schools in the kind and that its graduates included many people much older than herself, as Lauren Bacall and Douglas, who were already famous.

She could hardly wait for opening day. I'll never get how excited she was when we moved her from our home in Philadelphia into her home in the Brabson Hall for Women in New York.

"At last," she said, "I'm really going to do what I always wanted to do."

She worked hard at school. She studied English, production, dancing, fencing, posture, Shakespeare, and don't know what else. We noticed her voice beginning to change. Instead of old nasal whine she was speaking in a lower, gentler register.

Her sisters and I would make fun of her, but she'd say: "I must talk this way — for work."

They saw she was serious and stopped joking.

There were other things I noticed. For one thing, wasn't as hard for me to hear her in the morning as I had been when she was at home. She had her alarm clock and when she got up she arose without being called. That was because she'd begun modelling in New York to help pay expenses.

She had an adequate allowance from her father, but wanted to pay her own expenses as much as she could.

We'd been apprehensive when she'd gone to the academy. My husband knew I was hearing his brothers talk the stage what a difficult, often dismal, life it could be.

I wasn't too fond of the idea of my little girl all alone in New York. But once she got into the swing of it, she began to show us that she could shift for herself.

A new Grace was emerging. It was in the middle of her second year in New



# Her life and loves

that I became aware of a vague difference in her new attitude. Whenever she came home on weekends her mind seemed to have remained in New York.

I knew the symptoms only too well.

"Grace," I asked her, "There's a man, isn't there?"

Now my husband, Jack, is the kind of man who, if he makes a call from a telephone booth and forgets to deposit his overtime money, will drive back 20 miles to do it.

Honesty is his disease. He's taught all the children to behave in the same way.

"Yes," Grace said, "There's a man."

She told me about him. He was an assistant director at the academy who was working with her. He'd convinced her that if she married him he would make her into a wonderful actress in a very short while. She was flattered. She was intrigued by the idea of becoming a big star—even more beguiled by the fact that someone thought she could be a star.

When she spoke about him he was carried away. There were all these big things they were going to do. Mother did some logical talking.

I said, "Honey, you can make it on your own. You don't need anyone."

I went on in a hot vein at length and believe I convinced her it would be wiser to wait.

Every time a mother advises a daughter she must offer some doubt, some pang of indecision. Whenever you tell her to believe best for her child you wonder—is it really best?

I spent many a tormented night over that conversation. Grace came home at the end of that term and spent the summer with us in Ocean City. If she were still thinking about the young director

● This exclusive story, of which this is the second of three instalments, gives a candid and affectionate view of Grace Kelly by the person who knows her best—her mother. All royalties from Mrs. Kelly's articles are being donated by her to the Women's Medical College of Philadelphia, the only medical college in the United States exclusively for women students.

she never mentioned him.

To my certain knowledge she's not seen him since. Today the young man is still an unknown. Perhaps together they might have become famous, but I firmly believe Grace did the right thing.

During the next autumn she got her first big break.

It seems only yesterday she was calling me from New York and saying excitedly, "Mother, guess what! I've got a part in a Broadway play—and I'm not too tall for it, because it's with Raymond Massey."

When she'd returned to New York after her summer with us she'd made the rounds

Thus, the opportunity to appear with Raymond Massey, who is taller than she, was Grace's first break in the theatre. The play was Strindberg's "The Father," and it starred Massey and Mady Christian, with Grace as the ingenue.

Her notices were good and we were all pleased. That performance led to a number of acting jobs in television plays.

So much has been written about Grace's career I'm not going to describe it chronologically here. It is sufficient to say that her TV performances—on such programmes as "Studio 1" and "Robert Montgomery Presents"—led to her first movie

part in "Fourteen Hours," and that in turn led her to "High Noon." And that was the beginning of everything.

One year she was trudging round New York supporting herself with modelling jobs and the small parts she could get in TV plays. The next year she was the most sought-after actress in the country.

Every film studio was asking her to sign a long-term contract. It was, as I've already said, "High Noon" that did it, and it was "High Noon" that put her into the gossip columns for the first time.

Her co-performer—both in the film and in the gossip columns—was Gary Cooper. Almost before they began to shoot the picture it was being rumored that Grace was having an affair with Cooper. He was then separated from his wife, which apparently lent substance to the item of gossip.

The truth was Grace was in love then, or so she believed. But she was not in love with Cooper.

Her attitude towards him is best illustrated by the conversation that took place when she came home to Philadelphia after "High Noon" was finished.

My daughters Peggy and Lizann and I cornered her in our living-room to hear all about it. We were very excited.

"Did you kiss him?" asked Peggy.

"Yes, I did," Grace said, and she giggled. "I had hardly met him when we had to shoot a wedding scene in the beginning and I had to kiss him. It was rather embarrassing."

"What did you do?" asked Lizann.

"Well," said Grace shyly, "all that happened was he



JOHN B. KELLY with two of his beautiful daughters, Lizann (left) and Grace, then in her teens, relaxing during their summer holidays.

had to take me in his arms and kiss me."

"How many times?" Peggy asked.

"Oh," said Grace, frowning, "about 50, I guess."

"Well, what were his kisses like?" the girls asked together.

"Really, girls, I wouldn't know," Grace said.

There in digest form was her attitude. She said to me, "Mother, Mr. Cooper is a wonderful actor. I've learned a lot from him." But although she went out with him a couple of times, her heart was then all but promised to someone else.

Between "Fourteen Hours" and "High Noon" Grace did some plays in summer stock

## Gary Cooper's kisses

at Elitch's Gardens in Denver. It was good experience and she enjoyed it there—and not the least of reasons for enjoying it was a young actor who was also in the company.

I'll call the young man David. That isn't his name, but I see no reason for making him wince at the sight of his name in this series.

I went out to see Grace at Elitch's and met the young man. I thought him very nice (I've found, with one or two exceptions, that Grace

has always shown excellent



HOUSE THAT KELLY BUILT. The Kellys' comfortable home in Philadelphia was built by John Kelly, Grace's father. This house has been the mecca of all Grace's beaux.

taste in her men, but I didn't believe she was as fascinated as she later said she was.

Soon after she had returned to New York she came home to Philadelphia for a weekend and said to me, "Mother, I think I'm in love."

I asked her how she knew.

She said that since she had

been working at her career she was no longer as interested as she had been in her Philadelphia friends, who were not in the theatre business. Some of them had told her frankly they thought she was foolish to want to be an actress.

"Grace," I said, "please be absolutely sure before you do anything as final as marriage."

Again she said she believed she was in love with David. "My feeling for David is not aided by my knowledge

that he has a wife," she said. David was then separated from his wife and later obtained an annulment of his marriage, but I felt he was not the stable type of young man I hoped Grace would marry.

Also, as I have mentioned before, I had real reservations about her marrying someone in her profession. Nevertheless, she continued to see David.

They were together a great deal while she was doing her television plays, and she said a tearful farewell to him when she went to Hollywood to do "High Noon." When she returned to New York she began to go about with him again.

Grace is determined when she wants to be.

All that time I kept expecting her to come home to tell us she had decided to get married. I did not relish the

Continued on page 15



OTHER WAS A COVER GIRL, TOO. In 1919 Mrs. Kelly (then Margaret Majer) frequently appeared, as she does here, on magazine covers. She was also a fine athlete.





# Houndstooth

THE NEW "Vynex" FASHION LEADER

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## MY DAUGHTER GRACE

By Mrs. J. B. Kelly



GRACE KELLY, aged six, like all little girls, appreciated a merry-go-round swing by her father. John Kelly is almost as remarkable as his daughter. He rose from comparative poverty to become a multi-millionaire builder with interests throughout the U.S.

Continued from page 13

prospect, but it seemed imminent.

It was not until some time later she allowed her relationship with the young man to lapse into the past — not until after she went to Africa to make a picture with Clark Gable.

When Grace became engaged to Prince Rainier I was pleased for many reasons, as any mother would have been, but especially pleased, I think, because it meant an end to conversations such as this one which took place in the summer of 1951.

"Mother," Grace said excitedly on the long-distance telephone, "guess what I'm going to do next? I'm going to Africa with (pausing ever so slightly) — Clark Gable."

"Clark Gable?" I echoed. "All the way to Africa with him?"

"Mother," Grace said, "I'll never get to see Africa any other way. I'm signing a contract with M.G.M. and letting them have an option on me for future pictures."

"But, Gracie, dear," I said, "how can I allow you to go over there all by yourself? What will people say? Do you think it's proper?"

"Oh, Mother!" she said. "You've got such old-fashioned ideas!"

That remark made me stop

and think. After all, Grace was a mature, capable young woman. She'd been properly brought up, not only in our home but in the convent school, Ravenhill, where she'd gone through the elementary grades.

Even though it was natural for me to worry as a mother, my worries were groundless. She'd already been out on her own for four years. She could take care of herself.

But I still had some reservations. Clark Gable is known as "The King" — and that meant not only king of movies but king of ladykillers as well.

He had recently been divorced from Lady Sylvia Ashley and I was only too well aware of the emotions our Gracie could arouse in men simply by existing.

But when I reconsidered I felt a bit better. At that time Grace was still involved to some degree with David — the actor she'd met at Elitch's Gardens, in Denver.

I believed strongly that involvement could come to no good end.

It was possible, I thought, that separation from him would make Grace consider the situation more realistically.

That trip to Africa was another turning point in Grace's career. Up until that time she'd successfully dodged all contracts offered her by

big studios and had managed to remain a free agent.

Now, to make the trip, she had to accept the studio's terms and put herself in semi-bondage to M.G.M.

She flew first to Copenhagen, then to Rome.

From Rome she flew straight to Nairobi, Kenya, where John Ford, the director, and Clark Gable were waiting to meet the plane.

Ford had already engaged a young woman of good background to be Grace's companion while they were in Africa. When I found that out I was reassured.

I suppose my alarm would have increased if I'd known that the girl was showing more interest in the cameraman than in Grace before the company had been there many days.

Grace and Gable took to each other at once.

Gracie had more of a schoolgirl crush on Gable than anything else. After all, it was thrilling for her to be with a man who'd been at the top of his profession for so many years. Any young girl would have been thrilled.

As for Gable, he's a gentleman. I know he thought of Gracie as a nice kid — an easy person to work with — and that he was flattered by her interest in his acting.

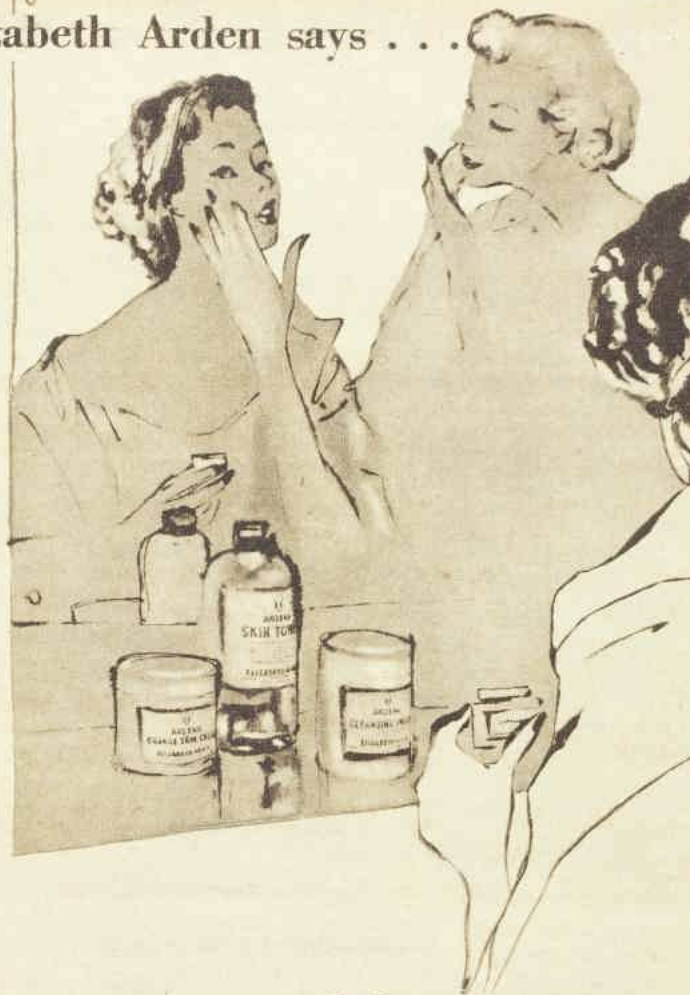
When the time came for her to say goodbye to Gable and the others in the company, she could not contain herself. She cried.

Some newspaper people were present. Grace's tears were seen and misinterpreted. As fast as the radio could carry the news, it was reported Grace was crying over Clark Gable.

Well, she was. Why shouldn't she have cried? She is an emotional actress and, in spite of her cool, calm exterior, she does have feelings.

**NEXT WEEK:** Mrs. J. B. Kelly concludes this frank and intimate account of her daughter Grace.

Elizabeth Arden says . . .



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This is the time when your skin needs special care, for summer sun, wind and salt spray too often leave the skin parched, with coarsened texture. Start now with Elizabeth Arden's restorative preparations to bring back the cared-for look of gentle beauty.

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# Elizabeth Arden

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## EMBROIDERY EXHIBITION

MADAME REGALA, wife of the Minister for the Philippines, will open The Australian Women's Weekly prizewinning exhibition of needlework at Farmer's Blaxland Galleries, Sydney, on Thursday, February 9.

The official opening will take place at 3 p.m., but the exhibition will be open to the public from 9.30 a.m. until 5 p.m. on that day and will continue until Wednesday, February 22.

From February 24 until March 15 the prizewinning needlework pieces will be split up and displayed in the windows of ten of the leading Sydney stores.

After this display the exhibition of embroidery will be shown in the capital cities of each State.



# Dreamland's magic in new ballet



*GLIDING* through snowflakes in her magic cot, Clara (Alida Glasbeck) dreams that her nutcracker doll becomes a fairy prince (Royes Fernandez) and her personal guide through dreamland.



David Lichine's new choreography for Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" Suite, which recently had its world premiere at the Empire Theatre, Sydney, is an enchanting fantasy for audiences of all ages.

**T**HE central role in the story is played by an 11-year-old girl, Alida Glasbeck. A cast of 16 children augments the Borovansky Ballet.

The opening scene is set in the home of the little girl Clara whose parents are giving a Christmas party. Among the presents for the children is a nutcracker doll which so captures Clara's imagination that she dreams he turns into a fairy prince. With him as a guide she is taken through a snowflake land into the kingdom of Candyland.

All settings and costumes for the ballet are designed by the well-known Australian artist Elaine Haxton. After its season ends in Sydney, the Borovansky Ballet will perform in Melbourne and later in other States.

**IN CANDYLAND**, surrounded by peppermint sticks and giant lollipops, Clara learns from the chief cook (Beth Gray) how sweets are made for all children.





COFFEE is represented in Candyland by an Arabian pas-de-deux danced by Rosemary Mildner and John Auld. Their acrobatic dance is one of the comedy spots in the ballet.



TEA is brought from China in a giant teapot drawn on stage by Patrice Lyons (right) and Pamela Proud (left). The lid of the pot is revealed as a parasol held by Serge Bousloff.



WALTZ OF THE CANDY FLOWERS, one of the most famous movements in Tchaikovsky's music, brings the corps-de-ballet on stage in rose-pink-petalled tutus to dance for Clara.



THE SUGAR PLUM FAIRY, danced by Peggy Sager (who alternates in the role with Kathleen Gorham and Jocelyn Vollmar), completes the divertissements in a pas-de-deux with the Nutcracker Prince. For this famous dance Lichine has retained a classical style. Pictures by staff photographer Clive Thompson.





**NEW!** A watch that is watertight and elegant too...!

No sportsman, and no one whose job or leisure activity brings them into contact with water or steam, should be without a watertight watch. Hitherto, watertightness has been achieved at the expense of elegance, for cases had to be thick and heavy to accommodate the necessary sealing. But now, Cyma craftsmen offer you the Cyma-Navystar, a new, ultra-thin watch which combines watertightness with exceptional elegance. This great advance has been achieved by ingenious design coupled with the use of completely new materials. The case of the Cyma-Navystar is made of special quality steel, and is so designed that slowness is combined with faultless sealing and outstanding strength and precision. Note these points about this remarkable new watch:



The case of the Cyma-Navystar is made of rust-proof Firth Staybrite micro-fine steel, made by a process developed by famous British steelmakers. A unique feature of the Cyma-Navystar is the sealing of its winder, one of the most fragile parts of the watch. Embodied in the winder is a minute device incorporating a spring system which counteracts wear, thus ensuring permanent watertightness.

The rim of the Cyma-Navystar is extra wide and incorporates a new, patented screw system. This enables greater compactness in design and ensures that the sealing is completely reliable.

All Cyma-Navystar sealing is made of a new metal which permanently retains its elasticity and neither crushes nor wears. The main sealing is situated where it cannot be damaged from the outside.



This is *the* watertight watch!...wonderfully thin, elegant, *permanently* watertight, and made by CYMA — world-famous for leadership in high-precision watch manufacture.

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# FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"No need to put the top up. That little cloud doesn't mean a thing."

# MOTHER



"Fom rubber! Everyone will want to come and play with us now. It's BEAUT for jumping on!"

# It seems to me

By



*Dorothy Drann*

WITH a slight sadness I read the other day that Clark Gable now uses boot polish to disguise his greying temples.

It wasn't the boot polish I minded, but the fact that the grey on Clark's temples has evidently spread far too far. If truth were told it probably extends nearly to the crown of his head.

Men are luckier than women in that youth is usually necessary to female beauty, whereas a handsome man, having lost his boyish look, later enjoys a period as a "man of distinction" in early middle age. A touch of grey on the temples is much admired, even by young women.

But it must be just a touch, no more than three-quarters of a square inch on each side.

This stage is even more fleeting than youth. After that, I suppose, boot polish helps for a while.

A CONSIDERATE husband is above rubies, but the forms his consideration takes change with the times.

The following domestic dialogue occurred last Sunday at the home of some friends of mine. (Both husband and wife work in the city. The husband is amiable about housework, but loathes lawnmowing.)

HUSBAND: "Dear, why must you mow the lawn on such a hot day?"

WIFE: "Well, somebody's got to. It looks frightful."

HUSBAND: "Yes, but if you must, why didn't you do it yesterday?"

WIFE: "I was busy. And what the blazes difference does it make whether I mow the lawn on Saturday or Sunday?"

HUSBAND: "But don't you see, dear, if you do it today you'll look SO tired when you go to the office tomorrow."

THERE'S a story by Joseph Conrad—a very sad story—about an old retired sea-captain who longs for his son to visit him.

The old man becomes convinced that his son is coming tomorrow. Each day passes in that certainty, and the years go on and on.

Eventually, after many years, the son actually does arrive—but the visit is a failure.

This man, says the captain, can't possibly be his son, because his son is coming tomorrow. Not long ago I heard from a four-year-old girl the cheerful, youthful reverse treatment of that theme.

She was looking forward passionately to a seaside holiday. "Is it tomorrow we go?" she kept asking.

Finally her mother was able to say that yes, indeed, the day of departure was tomorrow.

Next morning she woke at dawn and rushed to her mother's room. "Is today tomorrow?" she asked.

COMING home these summer evenings I always admire, and often buy, a slice of watermelon at the fruit shop.

The shop caters for small households and solo housekeepers who are unable to eat or to carry a whole watermelon. Buying it by the slice has another advantage. You can see the color.

Which reminds me that there are some people, elderly men especially, who are displeased by contemporary watermelons.

"Ah," they say sadly, having polished off a third slice, "can't get a really good one these days."

I used to wonder about this. Then I hit on the solution. No reality can come up to the memory of the watermelons of childhood, especially boyhood. The older the consumer the more glowing the memory.

POLICE in Osaka, Japan, insist that lights must be brighter in the tea houses and that hostesses must wear more than the almost transparent clothing they have worn in the past. The lights, say the police, must be bright enough for a man to read a newspaper.

Yes, indeed, how grateful all the male customers will be to enjoy an evening of wine, song, and reading the newspapers.

ALTHOUGH a resolution to bar women as shearers' cooks was defeated at the Australian Workers' Union convention, many members supported it. After debate the convention decided to bar wives and de facto wives of shearers.

Once, when a man had a wish to escape from feminine domination, He could roll his pack and take to the track.

And make for an outback station. The woman at home, she knew her place. Though her bonds were beginning to chafe her,

And when a man fled to a shearing-shed He knew there was nowhere safer.

A shearer's cook today can be "she." But what on earth is the use if The boys complain that their male domain

Is no longer entirely exclusive?

If harried too far they may flee to the Pole

Or somewhere you cannot find them. Best leave them alone and hope they

come home, Not leaving their cheques behind them.



*It's certainly  
easy to apply.*

*I'm glad I took  
your advice.*

*Yes.  
Look how long  
it has lasted  
on my house.*



EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT

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or  
**IRRITATE** eyes!

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- Wonderful for all the family



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## TEENAGE SEPARATES

Next week the Candy Hardy Frock Service offers a smart skirt-and-blouse outfit ready to wear or cut out ready to make, the skirt available in five high-fashion colors, the blouse in matching florals.

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**Staisweet**  
 Stay as sweet as you are with  
**Staisweet**  
 The Deodorant you can trust  
**Staisweet**  
 ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

TO boost her dwindling finances, a friend of ours has sold a long, thick plait of her hair.

The plait was one she had kept in the bottom of a drawer ever since she had her hair chopped off when she left school.

Our friend took the plait to a hair-stylist-wigmaker in a Sydney arcade expecting to get a lot of money for it.

The wigmaker measured the 12-inch plait, felt its texture, and said: "Ten shillings."

She canvassed the city for better offers—one hairdresser offered her eight shillings, and a doll manufacturer offered four—and returned to the first wigmaker.

As soon as she had his 10/- note in her hand, our friend asked the wig-man the reason for the general lack of interest in hair.

"Grading local hair for length and color is quite a job," he said. "We only accept local hair if there's plenty of it, and it's long. It's a far better proposition to import hair ready graded from England."

## He pasted up Australia

STAMPS, even the most attractive of them, are such a common commodity that they usually end up in the wastepaper basket.

But Frank Deane, motion picture advertising executive of Sydney, has ingeniously turned about 8500 of them into an attractive mural.

He spent something like 50 hours, in one to two hour stretches, pasting the stamps in the shape of a map of Australia all over a 6ft. x 7ft. 6in. wall.

The continent itself is made of all Australian stamps, with each State in a different color, and a strip of blue stamps round the edge. The surrounding oceans are made up of varied Australian, New Zealand, American, and British stamps.

Mr. Deane was forced to decorate a hall wall, instead of the lounge-room he had his eye on, because his son, recently graduated architect David Deane, is "doing out" the house and has his own ideas on color schemes and decoration.

A stamp-collector since he was a small boy, Mr. Deane used only damaged, heavily postmarked, or low-value stamps for his mural. He has thousands of other, more valuable stamps which he keeps in books, boxes, and bundles.

Mrs. Deane has only one comment to make on her husband's wall of stamps: "It's pretty, but it does pick up the dust!"

# Worth Reporting



"Now that you've got the children off to school, do you suppose I could have some breakfast?"

A YOUNG lad shopping for mother at a suburban grocer's recently could not remember what he had to buy.

We listened while the grocer, in between suggesting various foods, gave the boy a thorough teasing for his loss of memory.

"I'm not so hard on all the youngsters," he said after the boy had gone. "But he is"—mentioning the name of a well-known Quiz Kid.

## English also spoken

SURE signs of Australia's growing population are the notices on the windows of a St. Kilda pier kiosk in Melbourne.

The kiosk windows are covered with printed notices in 15 languages.

The owners of the kiosk, Mr. and Mrs. Noble Kirby, enlisted linguistic aid from migrants living in the district to render messages in German, Dutch, French, Finnish, Polish, Greek, Yugoslav, Italian, Czechoslovakian, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Egyptian, and Yiddish.

There are a few words of English squeezed into one corner.

## Just couldn't resist it

WHEN the pedlar came knocking at our door late in January with calendars for sale, we said our "no thank you" and added that this year's calendar was already on the kitchen wall.

"But I think if you'll only look at this calendar, madam, you'll want it. It's specially yours," he said.

Of course we had a look and bought it for 4/6.

The enterprising pedlar had prepared this and many other calendars months before.

Gummed to the board above the list of dates was a splendid sepia photograph of our house.

## Bush orchestra for Lady Slim

LADY SLIM, wife of the Governor-General, listened to bush songs and music from a "bush orchestra" when she visited Point Lonsdale, Victoria, recently to attend the last day of the first International Junior Red Cross study centre in the Southern Hemisphere.

The "orchestra's" instruments were a busking organ, kola phone, bull fiddle, New Guinea drum, scrubbing-board, mouth-organ, concertina, tamborine, and triangle.

A long-necked wooden box, standing 5ft. high with two lengths of picture-wire drawn across it, is the bull fiddle.

The kola phone is T-shaped and covered with bottle tops except for one section across the middle of the stem.

A piece of log rubbed across this space produces clanking music.

The busking organ is a minute pedal organ, and the scrubbing-board is played with drumsticks.

One member of the orchestra came from the Philippines, another from India, and a Pakistani illustrated the way he brought the camp to life each morning with his bugle.

Seventy-two delegates attended the study centre, including visitors from U.S.A., Thailand, Japan, and Malaya.

★ ★ ★

A BANK-TELLER friend of ours who did a tour of duty at the Scouts' Jamboree Camp in Victoria reports that he had one regular client aged about nine. Three or four times a day the cub turned up at the teller's window but never withdrew more than 6d. at a time.

After several days of this, the teller suggested it would be more convenient for everyone if he withdrew 4/- or 5/- at once.

"Oo, I couldn't do that," said the client, obviously shocked. "Dad said I was never to carry large sums of money around with me."

## Migrant is talent scout

MUSICAL talent scout Albury, N.S.W., and surrounding district is a young Latvian migrant, mezzo-soprano Tija Savickis.

Seven years ago Ms. Savickis arrived in Australia with her husband. Before she established the Tija Savickis Studio in Albury, she was giving singing lessons to a few young Australians.

Four years ago she formed an opera group and staged "Die Fledermaus," with scenery designed and built by 24-year-old Czech artist Karel Sulc.

Albury audiences were enthusiastic, and in successive years she presented "Hans and Gretel," "The Merry Widow," and "The Marriage of Figaro."

Already Mrs. Savickis is planning for 1956 productions—the modern opera of unhappy Europe, "The Consul," and the romantic "Gypsy Love."

Each year Mrs. Savickis organises studio recitals in Albury and the smaller towns of the surrounding district. Last year she held a student talent quest with Melbourne critic Linda Phillips as adjudicator.

Mrs. Savickis has already sent Albury soprano Doris Taylor to the University of Freiburg, Germany, to study under Maria von Winterfeld who taught Mrs. Savickis.

She also plans to send a year-old baritone John Davidson to study with dramatic soprano Joan Brennan and coloratura soprano Mrs. Stephens soon. They find fare, but she pays half of a year's fees.

## Book News

By Helen Frizell

WRITING at the top of his form, Colin Simpson in "Islands of Men" gives us five walking Fijians, Sepia River crocodile dancers, missionaries, sorcerers, and characters white and black who inhabit the islands of Melanesia.

Read the chapter "No White Lilies on Vaituli" for its Somerset Maugham-ish account of a bigoted schoolteacher whose icy asceticism melts among the hibiscus and the plum-black island girls.

If you want to be puzzled, turn to the accounts of Fijian fire walking, and work out just how men can walk barefooted on red-hot stones and get away with it.

Infinitely more readable than his "Adam series," "Islands of Men" is no anthropology textbook, but exciting, filled with stories of human interest.

Published by Angus and Robertson. (Our copy from the publishers.)

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD



# ROYAL VISIT TO NIGERIA



**AHMADU**, Sardauna of Sokoto, Premier of the Northern Region of Nigeria, who will present the Loyal Address to the Queen during her visit to Kaduna.



**DR. NNAMDI AZIKIWE**, Premier of the Eastern Region of Nigeria, one of the first Nigerians to meet the Queen in Lagos. Azikiwe is known as "Zik."



**CHIEF OBAFEMI AWOLowo**, Premier of the Western Region of Nigeria, who will present the Loyal Address when the Queen arrives there.

## Million excited Africans give Queen colorful, noisy welcome to Lagos

More than one million Nigerians, who had enjoyed an all-night fiesta as they awaited her, gave the Queen the noisiest and most excited welcome she has ever had on a Royal tour when she arrived at Lagos on the first stage of her three weeks' tour of the Federation.

By  
**ANNE MATHESON**,  
of our London staff,  
who is in Nigeria for  
the Royal tour

**N**IGERIANS have taken the Queen to their hearts. And the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are responding with a warmth and friendliness that is making the Royal Tour of Nigeria an overwhelming success.

Thunderous cheers and cries of "Kabiyesi, kabiyesi" (Long live the Queen) and "Ekabo, Ekabo" (welcome, welcome) to the beating of drums and rattling of calabashes greeted the Queen all the way along the 14-mile ceremonial drive to Government House, Lagos.

In the torrid heat of this part of West Africa, the Queen drove in an open car holding a shanting sunshade against the fierce tropical sun.

Though the humidity was over 90 degrees, the Queen showed no sign of wilting, returning the deafening welcome and joyous smiles of the Nigerians with her own beautiful smile and a friendly wave.

Her colorful clothes, imaginatively designed to complement the gorgeous robes of the Nigerian chiefs and the people in their own splendid national dress, are fascinating.

The Nigerians use the word "decent" to mean beautiful and pay their highest compliment when they say "The Queen is dressed very decent."

The Queen's Royal tour wardrobe is an inspiration. She is wearing colors no Royal lady has ever before ventured and the ceremonial-loving Nigerians are enchanted with the showiness of each dress.

The arrival was breathtak-

ing. As the door of the "Atlanta" swung open and the Queen walked from the plane to step on to Nigerian soil, her dress made a vivid splash of color against the sizzling whiteness of the aircraft.

The dress was in deep and light shades of coral silk splashed with large white flowers and worn with a hat with a wide brim of plaited silky straw in the faintest shade of pink and a cerise velvet crown.

The beauty of the dress, and the formality of the Duke in the white dress uniform of the Admiral of the Fleet, sashed with the blue of the Garter ribbon, was the final touch which made a dazzlingly colorful spectacle of the arrival scene.

In splendor and dignity it outshone any arrival scene I have witnessed.

After inspecting the Guard of Honor of the Second Battalion the Nigeria Regiment, Royal West African Frontier Force, in their brilliant Zouave jackets of red and gold with red-tassled fez cap and khaki shorts, the Queen and Duke received the Nigerian chiefs.

The chiefs, robed in riotous colors, were presented by the Governor-General, Sir James Robertson. The Queen's easy manner and the Duke's bright and breezy conversation gave the whole official welcome a touch of informality that has marked each Royal occasion on the tour.

It was the warmth and friendliness of the Queen and the Duke at their first party in Lagos that won the hearts of Nigerian and visiting Press alike.

On the sun-scorched lawns at Government House, bright with the colors of tropic flowers, the Queen received



journalists accredited to the Royal tour.

For this late-afternoon party she wore another of her vivid tour dresses.

The dress was deep sapphire-blue stiffened organza with a low-hipline full skirt and long, fitted bodice that was finished on each hip with deep folds.

### National dress

**T**HE first journalists and photographers to be presented were from the lively Nigerian newspapers. Each wore his most beautiful agbada (the loose robe of the Nigerian national dress) and his most colorful fez, usually of figured velvet, crushed into rakish lines.

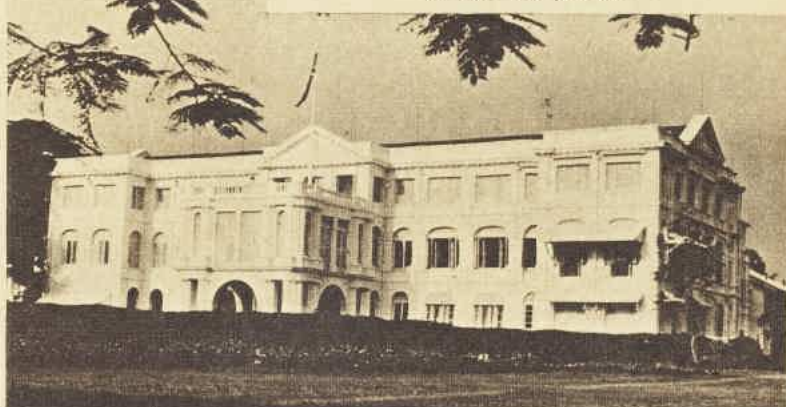
With enormous dignity they bowed low to the Queen and the Duke. Their deep, graceful bows made the visiting Press people look a little stiff and awkward.

"I wasn't a bit shy once the Queen spoke," one said to me afterwards.

"I still can't believe I've met the Queen," another said



**THE QUEEN** receives the freedom of the city from the Oba (King) Adeniji Adele II. The Oba, whose approach is always heralded by trumpet blasts, refused to stop them for the Royal visit. "Blasts while the Queen is in Lagos," he said, "are for her."



**GOVERNMENT HOUSE, Lagos**, where the Queen stayed. The Queen's memorable visit to Nigeria, which ends on February 14, is the first ever to be made to the territory by a reigning sovereign.

to me. "She was so natural I found it easy to talk to her."

The Duke talked to them as man to man. To one Nigerian journalist who was wearing a neckchain and gold medallion with a strange symbol on it, he said: "Is that a political - party medallion you're wearing?"

Then he added, "Oh, I mustn't talk politics, must I? You have a truce. But I suppose once we have gone your political warfare will break out again."

In the heat and humidity and trying conditions of work I will, I know, be lifted many times by the Queen's first words to me in Nigeria.

"It is so nice to see you again," she said.

"And," put in the Duke, "looking so well."

Back in his palace at the end of the most wonderful day in his life, the King of Lagos, Oba Adeniji Adele II,

sat with his five wives and unfolded the events of a day that had made history in Nigeria.

It was the Oba who, as president of the Lagos Town Council, received the Queen at the pavilion at Igbodi Roundabout, where the Royal procession halted on the drive from the airport.

He is a magnificent figure, 63 years old and over six feet tall, wise and educated, and claiming descent from the Oba (oba means king) who ceded Lagos to Queen Victoria.

The Oba was selected by chiefs who are kingmakers, and installed in 1949. For 36 years he was a civil servant. He speaks perfect English and has two sons at a British university. He also has 23 other children, whom he hopes to educate to university standard.

This apparently meets with the approval of his five wives, though none of them speaks English.



**GUARD OF HONOR** formed by the 5th Battalion, the Nigeria Regiment, outside the Supreme Court, Lagos. The Nigeria Regiment is the senior regiment of the Royal West African Frontier Force. The Queen, their Colonel-in-Chief, presented new colors to the 2nd Battalion during her stay.





Also available in  
3 1/2 lb. tins making  
28 pints of milk.

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For years you may have thought "the richer the milk the better." But the most valuable part—the proteins, minerals and the B Vitamins—are all contained in the milk itself, not in the cream. Bonlac is milk—pure and sweet, with only the water and fat removed. Two-thirds of a cup of powdered Bonlac contains all the nutrient found in a quart of fresh non-fat milk! Where else could you get so much concentrated health-giving food so easily? And so economically? Ask your grocer for Bonlac.

### Bonlac JUNKET



SO SILKY LIGHT, IT'S SHEER DELIGHT!

2 1/2 large tablespoons Bonlac, 2 junket tablets, 1 pint water, sugar and flavouring to taste, pinch of salt, nutmeg.  
1. Add Bonlac to water and whisk well together.  
2. Sweeten and flavour to taste.  
3. Put in saucepan and heat till lukewarm (about 80 degrees).  
4. Dissolve junket tablets in a dessertspoon of cold water.  
5. Stir into warm milk quickly, then set in a warm place till firm.  
6. Allow to cool, grate nutmeg on top and serve. Bonlac in powder form contains almost twice the protein of the same weight of steak.

### Bonlac ICE CREAM



SIMPLY DONE—TEMPTS EVERYONE!

Put in pan 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon sugar and one small teaspoon gelatine, warm until sugar melts, stir well, take off fire, then add 1 cup cold water. Put on top 3 large tablespoons of Bonlac, whisk well, then add 1 cup more cold water with flavouring added. Beat thoroughly, freeze, then beat again, return to freeze and when chilled eat and enjoy.  
Bonlac is easily digested—even by people who usually find milk hard to take.

### Bonlac BAKED CUSTARD



SMOOTHEST DISH A MAN COULD WISH!

2 eggs, 1 pint of water, vanilla flavouring if desired, 3 oz. sugar, 2 tablespoons Bonlac.  
1. Whisk eggs, add water and whisk again.  
2. Stir in sugar and flavouring, add Bonlac and whisk till dissolved.  
3. Before baking, allow custard to stand for 15 minutes, stirring occasionally.  
4. Bake in moderate oven; too much heat causes curdling.  
Bonlac is especially rich in calcium, phosphorus and all milk minerals.

### Bonlac RAINBOW JELLY



LIGHT AS SNOW—JUST WATCH IT GO!

1 pint mixed Bonlac milk, 2 oz. sugar, vanilla essence, 2 dessertspoons powdered gelatine.  
1. Stir milk, sugar and vanilla in bowl until dissolved, then stir in the gelatine (dissolved in a little boiling water).  
2. Divide the mixture into three parts.  
3. Colour the first part with a little cochineal and pour into mould.  
4. Leave the second portion plain and pour into mould when the first portion has set.  
5. Colour the last portion orange, yellow or brown with a little yokine or yotova, cocoa or other suitable colouring and pour it into the mould when the rest of the jelly has set.

### Bonlac MILK COFFEE



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WHENEVER YOU USE  
MILK, USE Bonlac

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## FOR TEENAGERS

# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

One of the worst fates that can befall you, according to many teenagers, is to live in a house without a telephone. If you have this trouble, don't worry. You'll be asked out just the same.

THIS week's mail is headed by a letter from a girl who is worried about not having a telephone. Here is her letter:

"IS it a serious social disadvantage for a girl not to be on the telephone? If so, what can she do about it?" "Margot," Perth.

It certainly is a disadvantage not to be on the telephone, but it is not a serious one. It often means that you miss last-minute dates or perhaps an impromptu party, but people who want to ask you out find a way to ask you whether or not you are on the phone. I can't see that you can do anything about it—a telephone is an expensive item. Perhaps you have a neighbor or friend who might take messages, but if you haven't, don't worry; invitations will arrive just the same.

"THIS is different from the letters you usually answer, but please help us. My mother and I are having a slight disagreement with my father as to Alan Ladd's height. We would be extremely pleased if you could settle it."

R.J., Mapleton, Qld.

Alan Ladd is 5ft. 9 1/2 in. tall, and, another snippet of information for good measure, weighs 10st. 10lb.

"I AM very interested in anything to do with the land. Could you please advise me if I could join a Junior Farmers' Club without living in the country, and where I would have to apply? I am 14 years of age."

J.M., Berala, N.S.W.

You can join a Junior Farmers' Club, even if you don't live in the country. Your closest club now would be at Blacktown, although one may be formed at Liverpool. The Area Supervisor of Junior Farmers' Clubs, Mr. A. L. Nicod, Department of Education, Rural Bank Chambers, 16 Church Street, Parramatta, N.S.W., will give you all the information you need and tell you how to join a club if you write to him.



## DEBBIE'S RECIPE

A RICH cherry and date cake is this week's choice by Debbie, our teenage chef.

### CHERRY AND DATE CAKE

Two ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 large egg, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup self-raising flour, one-third cup each of milk, chopped cherries, and chopped dates, some pink coloring.

1. Cream butter or substitute until soft, creamy, and fluffy.
2. Add unbeaten egg and vanilla and mix thoroughly.
3. Sift flour three times and fold into creamed mixture alternately with milk.
4. Continue lightly folding until mixture is even.
5. Halve mixture.
6. To one half add dates and fold in lightly.
7. To the other half add cherries and pink coloring.
8. Place alternate spoonfuls in greased 6 in. cake-tin.
9. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes.
10. Allow to stand 10 minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler.
11. Ice with soft butter icing and decorate with chocolate splinters.

bers, 16 Church Street, Parramatta, N.S.W., will give you all the information you need and tell you how to join a club if you write to him.

"PLEASE could you tell me if it is dangerous or unwise for a girl of 15 to take slimming tablets or go on a diet? I am too fat really, I think, and it is not due to over-eating, either, and I'm sure it is not gland trouble. I am not sports mad, but I do my share each week. Please could you help me and tell me what to do, as I always feel so embarrassed, in bathers especially. I have been told my fat is just growing-up fat, and that I'll get over it, as I am not the naturally plump type." "Very Disheartened," Perth, W.A.

It is dangerous to take slimming tablets at 15 (or any other age) unless under medical supervision. At 15 you need three balanced meals a day, and you should see your family doctor before you diet. I think you should see him at

once and get his advice, because being fat is a miserable business at any age.

THERE is never much space for penfriends' names. Would you all please make use of the names printed and when writing, ask the addressee to pass on the letter to a friend if he or she already has a full quota of penfriends.

Lesley Harrison, 6 Form St., Collier, Western Australia is 15. Would like correspondents who are Boy Scouts or Girl Guides, as she is working for her Queen's Guide badge.

Two Malayan girls wish to write to Australian boys between the ages of 18 and 20. They are: Miss Siamah Tahir, 8A Jalan Waru, Johore Bahru, Johore, Malaya and Miss Kamariah Jafar, 1103 Jalan Sekudai, Johore Bahru, Johore, Malaya.

Miss Margaret Daley, 6, 27 Kimberley Drive, Bilton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, England, is 21 and would like an Australian girl, married or single, to write to her.

## \*\*\*\*\*DISC DIGEST\*\*\*\*\*

THANKS to such artists as Sablon, Trenet, Piaf, and Eartha Kitt, French songs are enjoying enormous popularity, but even if you have some of these artists' recordings, you're sure to want "I Love Paris." This 10in. LP (B07726R) is played by Maurice Legrand and His Orchestra, and, since there are no vocals, it makes enchanting background music. A feature of the disc is the discreet use of the musette accordion which adds a piquant French tang even though some of the tunes are of American origin, such as "The Last Time I Saw Paris" and "Paris in the Spring." That comparatively

old number, "Autumn Leaves"—now zooming on the hit parade—is included, and you'll also hear "Song from the Moulin Rouge," "La Vie En Rose," "La Seine," "Under the Bridges of Paris," and several more. Do make a point of hearing this record as soon as you can.

AFTER being sated on arias from "Cav. and Pag.," "Bohème," and "Faust," it's a distinct pleasure to discover the 12in. LP (LXTA2789), which opens up refreshing new territories. The disc comprises well-chosen excerpts from Bizet's "The Pearl Fishers" and Gounod's "Mireille." Both operas may be called

period pieces, dating from the years 1863 and 1864, but the music is most rewarding. I'm sure most conscientious opera lovers will find lots to interest them.

"Pearl Fishers" is an exotic tale, set in Ceylon, where "Mireille" has a pasty French setting. The soprano Janine Micheau stars on both sides of the record, with support from tenors Libera Luca and Pierre Gianni and baritone Jean Borthas. The orchestras used are the Paris Opera and the Paris Conservatoire, both under the direction of Alberto Erede.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



# Welcome return of Nat 'King' Cole

WHEN Nat "King" Cole visited Australia in the stream of American entertainers last year, he was second in popularity only to Johnny Ray. Australia liked Nat and Nat liked Australia.

Now he is returning with his wife, ex-singer Maria Ellington. The couple are due in Sydney on February 6.

Some of Nat's keenest Australian fans were a little disappointed that he played the piano so little during his previous visit. This time everyone will be satisfied, be-

cause he plans to divide his programmes between the mike and the piano.

Nat began his musical career playing "Yes, We Have No Bananas" at the age of four. That was in 1923.

His mother taught him to play the piano, and was the only music teacher he ever had.

He led his first band at high school. They played for local dances, and often took their fees out in refreshments when the ticket proceeds were small.

After he left school, Nat went on the road with a revue called "Shuffle Along." The company got as far as Long Beach, California, when the show folded, and Nat was stranded in Los Angeles.

"Those were tough days," he says. "I played the piano in just about every beer joint in California."

Then Nat and two other musicians formed a trio—piano, bass, and guitar—and got an engagement at a Hollywood nightclub.

Other club engagements followed. The group called themselves "The King Cole Swingsters"—they sang trios and their distinctive instrumental style won them popularity on the radio and on record.

Nat "King" Cole had never sung a public solo until one night in 1938, when an insistent customer at a nightclub demanded that he sing "Sweet Lorraine."

He scored at once, and from then Nat's singing became the most important part of the trio's music.

He still regards "Straighten Up and Fly Right," one of his own compositions, as his theme song. He sold it to a publisher in 1943 for 50 dollars.

"A year later I recorded the song," Nat says. "It became a top seller and the publisher collected something like 25,000 dollars."

"But that's the way it goes. I've done better since then."

Nat "King" Cole earned his title of "King" by making three records which

sold more than a million copies each. These are "Nature Boy," "Mona Lisa," and "Too Young."

Nat is also a film star. He has had feature spots in three recent films, and has been signed up for a starring role in the film version of Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones."

He has already played one non-singing dramatic role on television.

Accompanying Nat "King" Cole on his second Australian tour will be Lillian Briggs, 22-year-old singing, trombone-playing "Queen of the Rock 'n Roll."

The present craze for that beat carried her to the top on the merits of one record, "I Want You to Be My Baby."

Other members of the Cole troupe are George Kirby, a mimic, and the comedy team of Marty Allen and Mitch DeWood.

The show opens in Sydney on February 7, and then goes to Perth on February 13, Melbourne on February 14, and back to Sydney on February 17 and 18.







CHOIR BOYS form a guard of honor for Dr. and Mrs. Peter Broughton as they leave with their attendants. Antonia Blaxland and Dr. Bruce Storey (top). Ruth Harvey and Ross Barnett, and Mrs. Gordon Single and Dr. Bill Sweetapple (bottom).

## Getting Married

**M**ANY city dwellers will drive west this month to attend the wedding of attractive Forbes girl Lorraine Wilson, who will marry Ted Jones, of Double Bay, at St. John's Church, Forbes, on February 11.

Lorraine, who has chosen an all-white wedding, will be attended by Mrs. John Ludowicki, Mrs. Jim Sandy, Dr. Judy Webb, who will motor from Bathurst for the wedding, and Anne Messenger.

Ted, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Jones, of Double Bay, will be attended by Campbell Webb, his brother Michael Jones, John Clifford, and Lorraine's brother, Alan Wilson.

The bride-to-be's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson, of "Drougalbie," Forbes, will hold the reception at Wandary Estate, formerly the home of Lorraine's grandmother, the late Mrs. W. H. R. Stitt.



HAPPY SMILES. Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGrath after their wedding at St. Mary Magdalene's, Rose Bay, and flower-girls June and Helen Merkel. Bride was formerly Joan Styles.

**ROBERT HENDERSON**, of Vaucluse, who returned last August after spending two and a half years in America, where he graduated as Bachelor of Economics at the Harvard University, will be waiting at Mascot when the plane touches down from America on March 2. Passenger on the plane will be his attractive American fiancée, Sylvia Adamson, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. Adamson, of Boston. Sylvia's luggage will include the gown she'll wear four days later for her marriage at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay. Bridesmaid will be Robert's sister, Judith, who, with her mother, Mrs. Cedric Henderson, met Sylvia during a short holiday in America last October.

**A WEDDING** in June at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, is planned by recently engaged couple Patricia Jordan and Geoffrey Hughes. Patricia, who came to Sydney from Auckland, New Zealand, three years ago for a three months' working holiday—and stayed on—will be attended by her sister, Nancy. Her mother, Mrs. W. Jordan, will make a special trip from Auckland for the wedding.



NEWLYWEDS. Mr. and Mrs. Ian Harper leaving St. Anne's, Strathfield, after their wedding. The bride, formerly Rosemary Edgar, Strathfield, is an old girl of Meriden.



CAREFULLY LIFTING her wedding gown, architect Deirdre Hall Best enters All Saints' Church, Woollahra, with her father, Sir John Hall Best, before her marriage with Dr. Peter Broughton, of Darling Point. Sir John was knighted in the New Year honors.

**THEY'RE** engaged and planning their weddings . . . Attractive Consuelo, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Zalapa, of Castle Hill, who announced her engagement to David Kent, of Rose Bay, recently, is making plans for a wedding in April or May. Bridesmaids will be her two sisters, Teresa and Juanita, and Jennifer Roche . . . St. Philip's, Church Hill, has been chosen by Dawn Batley, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Batley, of Eastlakes, for her marriage with John Burton. John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Burton, of Cremorne. The couple will marry in January, soon after Dawn's father returns from a twelve months' business trip abroad.

Anne



COUNTRY INTEREST. Left: Former Ascham girl Robin Penzer enters St. Mark's, Darling Point, with her father, Mr. W. H. S. Penzer, of "Morton Plains," Bourke. Top: Mr. and Mrs. Will Ridge after their marriage. They will honeymoon at Hayman Island and then make their home at "Tuncoona," Bourke.







**MORTEIN GRAIN PROTECTANT** . . . a proven product made to a formula tested and approved by the United States Department of Agriculture. It is non-poisonous and gives season-long protection against weevils and other stored grain insect pests.



**MORTEIN MILL SPRAY** . . . used in mills, granaries, warehouses and food factories to control insect pests that destroy food. Like all other Mortein products, Mortein Mill Spray is harmless to humans though deadly to insects.



**MORTEIN DAIRY SPRAY** . . . at small cost Mortein Dairy Spray protects cows from biting flies and other blood-sucking insects. Cows sprayed with Mortein Dairy Spray give up to 20% greater yield. Mortein Dairy Spray also protects milk from insect contamination.

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**MORTEIN GARDEN DUST** . . . Aphid, thrip, white butterfly and other garden bugs meet certain death on contact with Mortein Garden Dust. Mortein Garden Dust is quick and easy to use. An inexpensive dust-gun ensures complete efficiency.



**MORTEIN INSECT POWDER** . . . rids dogs of fleas, but is not harsh or irritating. It will not cause your dog any skin discomfort. Mortein Powder also eliminates ants, cockroaches and silverfish when sprinkled in their haunts and breeding places.



**MORTEIN PRESSURE-PAK** . . . new and sensational! Used in aircraft, hospitals, food stores, farms and homes. A touch of the button releases a fine spray which quickly kills every insect. The concentrated contents equal seven large bottles of ordinary fly spray.



**MORTEIN PLUS** . . . is Australia's most effective insect spray because it contains Pyrethrum activated with Piperonyl Butoxide. Mortein Plus kills insects immune to many other insecticides and it is so safe that it can be sprayed even near food.





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LOOK 10 YEARS OLDER!**

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YOUNGER-LOOKING TEETH  
IN JUST 3 WEEKS  
WITH PEPSODENT**

*Contains Irium—Removes Film*



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**Gives a transparent finish !**

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F51-12

For dark woods use FISHER'S WAXTANE  
— A Dark Stain Polish

## London's new lines Scented gloves and blue nails at spring shows

*From our London office*

Perfumed gloves and fingernails painted blue were the two really startling novelties in the spring collections shown by London's "Top Twelve" fashion designers.

JOHN CAVANAGH, who introduced the perfumed gloves, said they were a revival from the 16th century, when they were the rage, and were worn by Queen Elizabeth I.

Norman Hartnell, dressmaker to Queen Elizabeth II, was the designer whose mannequins wore their fingernails painted a deep turquoise-blue. Because there was so much blue in his collection, it was regarded as a forecast of the color scheme in the wardrobe the Queen has chosen for her tour of Nigeria.

Travel abroad, whether Royal or otherwise, has influenced all the designers.

Norman Hartnell showed a series of dresses of the type that suit Her Majesty so well. These were in printed silk with either matching jackets or topcoats.

Hardy Amies, another of

the Queen's dressmakers, showed clothes of a similar type. His slim-fitting coats gained movement from their beautifully soft fabrics.

Victor Stiebel, who is Princess Margaret's couturier, has everyone guessing where she will go next, for his collection was obviously designed with the Princess' travels in mind. His youthful, bare-shouldered, short evening dresses, full-skirted day dresses in cottons and silks all have a tropical air.

Michael, the only London couturier to take a line and follow it through his entire collection, saw in the indolence of the Deep South of America the languid curves of his new Creole line. This is a hip-length jacket and straight skirt, the perfectly rounded jacket back being complemented by the in-curve of the front.

Digby Morton brought back from a holiday in Tangier the

djellabah, the basis of his new collection. Translated into high fashion, this loose Arab dress is a straight tunic in a fabric as primitive-looking as coarse canvas, but actually a deceptively supple linen.

John Cavanagh calls his line "The Streak." It was the most uncompromising of the new season's styles, with a simple bare neckline, hardly any sleeve, and a loose-fitting shimmy top gradually tapering into a narrow skirt.

Ronald Patterson showed a collection of elegant dresses. One that had the quality of sophisticated simplicity was an evening dress of white jersey with an off-the-shoulder neckline and a draped bodice.



1. ABOVE: The djellabah  
2. LEFT: Patterson's  
crescent line.

3. CREOLE LINE by Michael

## WHAT IS THE BABY SAYING?



**"Baby Talk" No. 14**

This charming picture is the fourteenth in our "Baby Talk" series which readers are invited to write and amusing captions.

EACH week we offer a first prize of £50, three awards of £10, three of £5, and five of £1 for captions for pictures of babies.

First prize of £50 in "Baby Talk" Contest No. 11 was won by Mrs. B. Morrison, 58 Albert St., Belmore, N.S.W.

Her entry was: "I hope THIS tastes like his mother used to make."

£10 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. M. Manley, 45 Messenger St., Byron Bay, N.S.W.

"Goodness, I think I hear the bears returning."

Mrs. E. Venning, 201 Brisbane Rd., Gympie, Qld.

"Yours is in the oven, dear."

Mrs. N. Breeden, "Cool Waters," Peel Terrace, Busseton, W.A.

"I KNOW what Emily Post says."

£5 prizes were awarded to: Mrs. B. Blair, Ingleside Rd., Narrabeen North, N.S.W.

"Speeches already? I've barely finished my soup!"

Mrs. K. McKinney, Hoddle Range, South Gippsland, Vic.

"All right! All right! Don't panic — there's plenty more in the fridge."

Mrs. G. P. Tubman, 26 Eastern St., Gwynneville, Wollongong, N.S.W.

"They always arrive at meal-time."

£1 prizes were awarded: Miss Deirdre F. St. Mount Cooper, West C.S.A.

"Now, ladies! First you the mixture to see if it's enough."

Mrs. N. Crawford, 14 St., South Oakleigh, Vic.

"Who, me? Wanted phone?"

Mrs. M. Grehan, B.P.O., Crows Nest, Qld.

"Well! I! THAT doesn't suit her ladyship! I'm quitting!"

Mrs. L. Gilham, Main Male Creek, Tas.

"Well, this is what I a meal!"

Miss Nola Owens, Banksiadale, W.A.

"Heavens, what a time call for a date, right in middle of tea."

"I hope THIS tastes like mother used to make"

"I hope THIS tastes like mother used to make"

"I hope THIS tastes like mother used to make"

"I hope THIS tastes like mother used to make"

"I hope THIS tastes like mother used to make"

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## CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture on this page. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon.

3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 14 close on FEBRUARY 13. Winners will be announced in our issue dated FEBRUARY 29.

5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.

6. When entries are duplicated, the first one opened will be put aside for further judging.

7. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

### ENTRY COUPON

The Australian  
Women's Weekly  
"Baby Talk" Contest  
No. 14  
February 8, 1956



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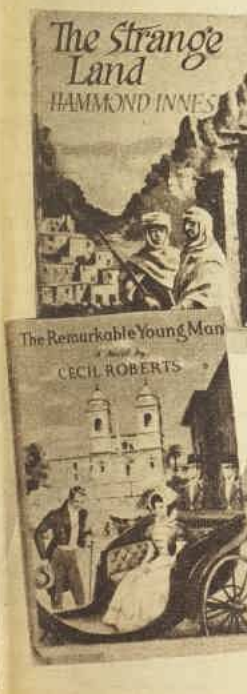
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# COSMOPOLITAN TO



**ACTUAL** wedding ceremony (above) at which the groom Tengku Mahmud signed the marriage certificate. Tengku paid a token price of about £3/7/6 for his bride at this ceremony.

**AT THE BERSANDING** or "sitting-in-state" (left), the women eat at their own table away from the men, according to Malayan custom.

**COLONIAL OFFICIALS** (right) and their wives examine some of the wedding presents. Actually medals were not supposed to have been worn at the ceremony, but the officer in the foreground seems to have made a mistake



**THE TENGKU MAHMUD** of the bridegroom, sprang many V.I.P.'s. These



**GUESTS AT THE BERSANDING.** A Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis comedy film was shown and incidental music was provided by the regimental band of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. Men of the Borderers also gave a display of Scottish dancing. The Sultan did not attend the ceremony.

● When pre- Josephine Trevelyan son of the Sultan Tengku Mahmud month, the call seven days.

Josephine, from whom she called brought to England by her

Jeremy was Tengku's at that College.

A whirlwind after a ten months Josephine flew "Chick" last

Shortly after an old English typewriter to Prince She calls him

Before the ceremony took place only by custom, that Josephine understood Moslem faith Che Kalsom

On January the wedding Tengku attended sating (sitting)

Josephine smiled, but her posture. However broke tradition smiled at her



# CH AT EXOTIC MALAYAN WEDDING



Prince Regent) of Johore, father of the guests, who included to Western jazz music.

English art student married the grand- of Johore, Prince of Johore Bahru last ceremonies lasted

st met her Prince, "jack," when he was orquay home in her Jeremy. fellow student of a Devon Technical

tship followed, and secret engagement alaya to wed her ber.

wedding a 17-year- ounced her engage- n, Tengku's cousin.

g ceremony, which ry 5, and which, e did not attend, conversion to the ook the name of bdullah.

seven days after ny, Josephine and e traditional ber- ate) ceremony. oslem custom and ecovered her com- husband himself he saw this and out the ceremony.



**THE BRIDE AND GROOM** sitting-in-state at the bersanding. While the bridal couple sit, the father of the groom anoints the brow of the bride with oil. The groom was educated in Sydney, where he attended Trinity Grammar School. He likes roast beef and races 100-m.p.h.-and-over sports cars.



**THE BRIDE** talks with the American Consul in Singapore, Mr. Lampton Berry, one of the guests.



**THE BRIDE** with her new sister-in-law during a stroll in the palace grounds after the sitting-in-state. For the ceremony the bride wore traditional Malay bridal robes with a Western-style bridal headdress.



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| Strained Vegetables & Lamb      | Strained Banana Custard Pudding |
| Strained Vegetables & Bacon     | Strained Peaches & Cereal       |
| Strained Vegetable Soup         | Strained Pears                  |
| Strained Beef & Liver Soup      | Strained Apples                 |
| Strained Tomato Soup            | Strained Prunes with Cereal     |
| Strained Carrots                | Strained Pineapple with Rice    |



# AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard  
For week beginning FEB. 6

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, purple, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in knowing the right people.	★ If you're a teenager, it may be back to school and reunion with classmates. Others start on their first job. Pay attention to personal appearance.	★ Care should be exercised in regard to the people you invite into your home. Casual visitors just now may bring trouble in their train.	★ Don't be surprised if that boy-friend or that girl you believe to be the one and only suddenly turns to another. Experience makes a fine background.	★ Your popularity is at its peak. If you are thinking of joining any organization you couldn't find a better time. The more you are out the greater your luck.
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Color for love, rainbow effects. Lucky gambling colors, violet, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck lies in your quick wits.	★ You must face up to problems with confidence, helped by the advice or practical support of others. A step up the career ladder could happen unexpectedly.	★ Don't let financial worries mar your week for the family as well as yourself. If obliged to cut spending, substitute quiet pleasures in your own home.	★ If you've fallen in love with a boy of a different social set-up, you must be prepared to make allowances for difference in customs or manners.	★ Many acquaintances, probably in business circles or through working for community welfare, are likely to surround you at present. Keep old friends.
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck lies at the beach.	★ You may be hunting that pot of gold supposed to be at the end of the rainbow, yet fail to see the wealth that lies near at hand. Cultivate your talents.	★ The exchange of ideas in your intimate surroundings would be very beneficial and could lead to better distribution of home finances if you are clever.	★ So you want independence and you refuse to be tied down. If young, you are wise, but if older, remember you can't have your cake and eat it.	★ Outdoor life, weekend expeditions or sporting events loom largely in your social picture. Most of this is casual and requires little effort.
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a wonderful bargain.	★ You should be able now to reach understandings, which will be sound and long lasting, in regard to security matters. Acquire the habit of thrift.	★ Your mental faculties may be stimulated by the unusual views of relatives, neighbors, or friends. Sudden news might require a quick decision.	★ This week is kind to lovers who are no longer quite so young. Just when you've decided amission is to replace love, you'll find a new personality in your life.	★ Should you hesitate between several possibilities you are evidently not sure of your inclinations. Attempts to persuade you will probably fail.
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, blue. Gambling color, royal-blue. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck with the opposite sex.	★ Pick out that part of your work in which you are weakest, and put your best efforts into improving your score. If a homemaker, obtain help.	★ Let folks have their way without getting your blood pressure up. This is the wrong time to assert yourself, as others may talk back and affect the home atmosphere.	★ Your beloved may need your help. Give it ungrudgingly and with all your wonderful enthusiasm. Cooperation will see both of you through to a happy ending.	★ A certain amount of pairing off in your crowd could make things awkward if you cannot find an escort, since most invitations will be for events.
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, green and white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck lies in an object of value.	★ Settle into your job now, for soon you will wish to spend time on other matters. You may have certain stubborn ideas which are old-fashioned.	★ The attainment of your heart's desire cannot be hurried or bought without due consideration. It lies in the future, provided you plan carefully.	★ If you've folded your love and put it away in mothballs, bring it out and give it a shake of renewal. Your sign is apt, through habit, to take love for granted.	★ Don't work so hard at the social game. If you don't get any fun out of it, why bother? You may be shamed on the afternoon-tea committee.
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Gambling colors, blue, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck lies in a speculation.	★ If you're starting something new, it may quite run away with you, but that's all to the good. You'll be so interested you will be tireless.	★ You may acquire money or some valuable items to add to your precious possessions in the home. If buying or selling property, consult the family.	★ In the throes of a hectic love affair? He seems the seventh wonder of the world, and you go skimming through rainbow clouds at present.	★ Jointly with two or three other people you could be successful in a matter of chance, such as a raffle or a lottery. Keep with the group.
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, red, grey. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck will be found in a book.	★ Many of you will devote time to some kind of special work at home in the hope of turning a hobby into a money-spinner. You must reach professional standards.	★ Find yourself a quiet, comfortable corner where you may read, write, or relax to your heart's content. Take pleasure in your belongings.	★ You stay home with one ear listening to the conversation and the other for the telephone. You haunt the letter-box, or you count hours to your next date.	★ Rather mild social activities, likely to be limited to the members of your own sex. A few of you will give a luncheon or afternoon tea.
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, combinations. Gambling colors, blue, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck lies in interviews.	★ One of those broken weeks in which you may not be permitted to stick at any one task for long. This can be frustrating, but try to be patient.	★ Morning purchasing expeditions for the home will lead to excellent bargains bright and early, but the afternoons are less favorable for business affairs.	★ An outing with the one you love could mark a turning point in your love affair. Either there will be a definite expression of regard or a slight cooling off.	★ Determined on novelty, you may try out a new restaurant, visit a place of amusement, or plan a day off the beaten track to vary the monotony of life.
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, black, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck lies in a quick decision.	★ Just a little cool and calculating at present. If you are ready to make a real effort and remain firm, you can surprise yourself and perhaps others.	★ Building up home life is the best way to eventual personal security. Too many outside interests will take toll of energy, so try to concentrate.	★ Differences about the spending of money could bring a rift in the love. Unless your choice of amusements are similar, this cleavage will persist.	★ Shopping trips to town hold a special attraction just now. Aside from bargain hunting, you run into friends, make dates, enjoy a snack or a movie.
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. There's luck in good grooming.	★ Set an early start, push the heaviest of your tasks into the morning hours, when you are at your best. Should surprises turn up, you'll deal with them.	★ You serve your well-being and your pocketbook best by keeping the state of your affairs to yourself. Talk could cause you to lose cash at this juncture.	★ The unattainable always fascinates you. The movie star, the actor, the boy in love with somebody else. This week you may face reality and come down to earth.	★ Asserting yourself and keen to jam through a number of your pet schemes, you'll be busy persuading friends to follow your lead and will carry off your plans.
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in keeping your counsel.	★ Those engaged in helping others, either as a career or as voluntary workers, are likely to find a moral reward, praise, and practical advantages.	★ Tackle the house repair projects while you are in a constructive frame of mind. Put necessary work before pleasure and you will achieve a lot.	★ Should you enjoy a romantic episode or one of those overnight love affairs on shipboard, be happy with the memory, but don't expect a continuation.	★ You are likely to turn down any social stunt in favor of a good book, a chance to finish some task, such as making a dress, or merely to be alone.

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up your grandmother's earrings? But you are so . . . so attached to them."

"I am also attached to Fred," she pointed out.

"I can better understand your feelings for the earrings," Henri replied curtly.

Pepita raised her thin, dark eyebrows. "You don't know Fred," she protested.

"Oh, yes, I do," Henri informed her. "I have taken my car there to be repaired ever since you told me you were going to marry him. He seems . . . er . . . Henri hesitated . . . well, very steady, I should say, and very reliable. Not one to take a risk, nor do anything impulsive. Not at all like you, Pepita."

Pepita shook her head. "No, not at all like me. I cannot wait to get married. He says we must wait." She sighed. "But if I have to wait . . . and wait . . . how am I ever going to have the six children I want?"

"Six children?" Henri looked startled.

"Yes," replied Pepita firmly. "Six children." She flushed her dark eyes at him. "I suppose you are like Fred. You think six children are too many. That it is hard to bring up six children nowadays. You men!"

"I said nothing about six children being too many."

"You looked it, then."

"Sacre bleu! How does one look like that, may I ask?" Henri studied Pepita intensely. "Never before have I met such a girl as you. You are . . . And then Henri had stopped what he was going to say, and instead, he had said, "Go to your Fred and give him the earrings. And when I see you without them, I will know that it is time to look for another assistant."

He had waved her away, the small laugh wrinkles about his eyes tightened into sharp lines. And so she had left to go to Fred.

She got up as the tram slowed

down at the stop where she would have to change to go to her boarding-house. She looked down at her watch. Oh, dear, she would be too late to get anything to eat there now. She had better stay in the city and have a meal.

She walked disconsolately down the street. She wished she had a home to go to, but since her grandmother had died she had had no home. Her mother and father had been killed in France early in the war and she had been sent to her Spanish grandmother, who lived with her English husband in London.

When her grandmother had died, Pepita had decided to leave England and come to Australia, where she would find warmth and sunshine and maybe . . . maybe . . . someone she could love and marry. Pepita sighed. Fred didn't understand her loneliness. He lived at home with his mother and dad. He didn't understand what it was like to live in one room in a boarding-house. That pride of his. It upset him when she earned more money than he.

That was so silly. Why, if she didn't have a job with which he could compare . . . She stopped suddenly. If she didn't have a job . . . Yes, that might do it. If she didn't have a job, didn't have any means of support at all, Fred would want to look after her. Of course he would.

A smile broke up the gloom of her face. Well, she could do something about that. She could leave her job—tell Henri she was finished as soon as he could get somebody to replace her. Then she shook her head slowly. No; that wouldn't work out. Money was important to Fred. He wouldn't like to see her being so disrespectful of it. She must not just leave her job.

Caramba! No! Fred would simply tell her to stop being impulsive and go back and serve the other three years he had calculated would be necessary to put their marriage on a firm monetary basis. She would fix it so as she would be fired.

Yes, fired! That would be the thing to do. Then she could throw herself on Fred's mercy. He would enjoy that, she felt sure. She had a wonderful mental picture of him taking her gently in his arms and saying, "I'll take care of you, little unprotected Pepita."

That mental picture, with improvements, carried her through the rest of the evening and was still with her the next morning as she got ready to go to work. She smiled gaily at herself in the mirror as she put on her grandmother's earrings.

When she arrived at the salon the first thing she did was to mix up several orders of perfume scheduled to be sent out that morning. Then she printed a few signs with such statements as "Half price for this junk" and "Take your pick at sixpence," being careful to hide them until Henri arrived.

When she saw him come in, the queerest feeling of disintegration began to attack her. She couldn't understand it. She watched him until he disappeared into his office, and then she had to give herself quite a pep talk to make herself display the signs and go forward to face Mrs. Harrington-Jones, who had just come in.

"I did not like the perfume you sold me yesterday," complained that over-stuffed dowager as Pepita approached. "I want something—something that will match my personality better."

Pepita took a deep breath. From a cupboard concealed by a green velvet drape she produced a bottle and set it down abruptly on the glass counter-top. No delicate spraying on the inside of the wrist. No ser-

## Continuing . . . Caramba! No!

from page 3

vice whatsoever. The dowager looked startled, but picked up the bottle. Then she let out a scream and struggled to her feet.

"You insolent little . . . h'mph!" Words failed her, so she turned and started off in the direction of Henri's office, wheezing like a loaded truck on a steep hill. "Henri shall hear of this," she flung back over her shoulder.

Henri was about to hear of other things, too, Pepita realised, as she saw one of the girls, with a sign concealed under her arm, disappearing into Henri's office. It won't be long now before the show starts, she thought, as she advanced on another victim. But she had hardly got into action before she heard a determined voice behind her.

"A word with you, Pepita." She turned quickly. "In the office," Henri hissed, taking her firmly by the upper arm and propelling her along. "Sacre bleu!" he exploded, dropping her into a chair and standing over her. "What is it you think you are doing? Mrs. Harrington-Jones says you have insulted her." He waved an excited hand at the irate dowager seated near the modernistic desk.

"Does she?" Pepita shrugged her slim shoulders casually.

"Yes," panted Mrs. Harrington-Jones, patting her ample bosom and glaring at Pepita. "I ask you for something to match my personality and you give me . . . you give me . . . oh . . ." She fluttered a white

Pepita's mouth. "Enough!" he snapped.

"Bu . . . b . . . b . . . mumbled Pepita, struggling furiously.

"You . . . are . . . fired!" Henri thundered, giving her a little shake between words. With his hand still over her mouth, he pulled her up and marched her to the door. "I cannot understand what it is that has made you act like this, but it is too much, too much." He opened the door and pushed her through. "Go!" he shouted. "Go!"

Pepita shook herself like a small cocker spaniel after a bath, then she went and gathered up her things and left. Again that feeling of disintegration attacked her, which was peculiar, she thought, considering that she had got her own way and Henri had fired her. She wondered whether she would get her way that easily with Fred. She just had to. Otherwise, she would really have put herself in a mess.

When she jumped off the tram at the stop near Fred's garage, she was relieved to notice it was nearly twelve o'clock. Fred took his lunch-hour at twelve, so she wouldn't be interfering with his work. He looked surprised when he saw her approaching and grabbed up a dirty rag.

"What's the giddy idea?" he asked, wiping his hands with a slow, deliberate movement. "No work this afternoon?"

Pepita looked up at him, her eyes wide and tragic. "Henri has fired me," she said, a sob in her voice. Now is the moment, she thought—now is the

satisfaction to warn her, now she had actually got what she wanted. But nothing like that happened. In fact, the queer feeling of disintegration that had attacked her at Henri's came back in great waves.

She realised, then, she didn't love Fred. She couldn't love a man who didn't understand her at all, who didn't realise she had got rid of her job as a sop to his pride, who expected her to go back and grovel to another man . . . oh! She stood there with her hands clenched. What did she want, she wondered hopelessly.

"Pardon me." The voice was Henri's.

She spun around. "What in the world are you doing here?" she asked.

Fred looked in Henri's direction. "Perhaps he's come to offer you your job back," he suggested. "Then we could go on as before."

"No," said Pepita firmly. "We could not go on as before. It would not work out."

"But, Pet, be reasonable . . ."

"There is no need for Pepita to be reasonable, which I cannot imagine, anyhow," said Henri. "I have not come to offer her your job back. I have come to return her this." He opened his hand and there, red and glowing, lay one of Pepita's earrings. "You lost it in the . . . er . . . argument a while ago."

Pepita's hand flew to her ear. "And I hadn't even missed it. Oh, Henri, thank you, thank you."

"I realised when I saw it lying on the floor that you still had possession of your grandmother's earrings. And then I understood what made you blow apart like the atom."

"You . . . understood?" Pepita stared at Henri in a startled way.

"So she blew up?" commented Fred. "Of all the screwy things to do . . ."

"No, no," interrupted Henri. "She was willing to sacrifice her job if it stood in the way of her marriage. For that I admire her greatly."

"Huh! She just boiled at her radiator, as usual. But, if you admire her for it, why not give her your job back?"

"Because I have a different job in mind for her, if she will take it."

"Have you, Henri?" whispered Pepita. Could he mean . . . ? Then an awful thought struck Pepita. She did not know much about Henri, except that he was a very understanding man and most considerate of those who worked for him. Why, he could even be married already, for all she knew. Caramba! No! That must not be. "Henri," she asked breathlessly, "you are not married, are you?"

"No, ma cherie," he replied. "To tell the truth, I have never found anyone impulsive enough." He gave her a dryly humorous look.

"I'm so glad," murmured Pepita, and, all at once, she realised the queer feeling of disintegration was gone, and a high, singing happiness was filling her chest and throat. She smiled up at him.

Fred suddenly seemed to wake up to what was going on. "Hey!" he demanded. "What do you two think you're doing?"

Pepita glanced disdainfully over her slim shoulder. "What we do is no longer any of your business," she said. Then she forgot all about Fred's existence, because there was one thing of importance she hadn't quite cleared up with Henri. "Henri," she breathed, "how is it you feel about children?"

Henri gave her the delightfully intimate bow he reserved for extra-special, triple-A customers. Tenderly he drew her arm through his and guided her away from the garage. "I will be more than happy to be the papa of six beautiful children," he said.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—February 8, 1956

# Softasilk

## CREAM MILD SOAP

by Colgate

## A NEW KIND OF SOAP

containing

## Beauty Cream

to give your skin that lovely "cared-for" look



Pure white Softasilk is the only soap that actually contains a beauty cream to replace natural skin oils every time you wash. The fragrant, cream-laden lather softens your skin as it cleanses, making it smoother, softer, younger. Change to Softasilk Cream Mild Soap to give your skin that lovely "cared-for" look.



Pure White Softasilk  
Cream Mild Soap

New Beauty Partner for  
Softasilk Hand Beauty Cream



lace handkerchief to her mouth and closed her eyes as if overcome.

"What is it that you gave her?" Henri snapped at Pepita.

Pepita looked Henri straight in the eye. "What she asked me to. A perfect match for her personality. A bottle of disinfectant."

"Pepita, have you gone out of your mind?"

"No."

"And this notice!" Henri snatched one of Pepita's works of art from his desk. "Your work?" Pepita nodded so vigorously the earrings quivered on her ears. Henri flung the offending notice on the floor. "You wouldn't, by any chance, know anything about some unauthorised change in the orders of perfume, would you?" he demanded, his voice rising.

As Pepita nodded again, Mrs. Harrington-Jones came out of her trance. "Fire her, Henri," she said faintly.

Pepita swung around and glared at the plump matron. "As for you," she burst out, "you are the kind of customer Henri could well do without. You get more free perfume sprayed on you than any other woman I know. You do nothing but complain, and you bully anyone who . . ."

Henri slapped his hand over

moment he will take me in his arms and tell me he will look after me. She waited, but Fred just stood there and stared at her, his hands still busy with the dirty rag.

"What did you do to make him fire you?" he asked, his voice sharp.

"What did I do?" Pepita gazed at him indignantly. "What makes you think that I did something?"

"Cripes, Pet! You're always doing something. That Henri's a bit of a nut, but he wouldn't fire you unless you gave him a reason."

Pepita's mouth quivered. "The reason doesn't make much difference now. I'm fired, and that's all there is to it."

"Well, you best put that pretty little chassis of yours in reverse, my Pet," said Fred grimly, "and go back and see if Henri'll let you start over."

"I . . . I couldn't."

"But, Pet . . ."

"Nothing will make me ask Henri for my job back." She stamped her foot. "Nothing, do you hear? If you won't marry me, I'll . . . I'll . . ."

"All right! All right! Don't get so excited. Maybe I'll be able to work something out so as we can get married."

Pepita waited for a glow of



## NOT HALF-SAFE



Sydney—Betty James of Sydney says: "I like to have plenty of beauty and a girl doesn't get them if she's half-safe. That's why I use a deodorant that stops my perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Kills odor instantly, safely, surely, better than anything else I've found."

How about you? Don't risk half-safe deodorants. Stop both perspiration and odor with Arid. This new cream deodorant stops perspiration itself—keeps underarms dry and sweet. So, Arid saves your clothes from ugly stains and clinging odor. Arid kills odor instantly—keeps you shower-fresh up to 48 hours. Safe for skin—safe for fabrics.

Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant—Arid—and be sure!

## New STEEDMAN'S POWDERS Available Everywhere



Welcomed by mothers at teething time!

Baby troubled with teeth? Then new Steedman's Powders will bring quick relief! Made to a revised prescription in line with modern medical trends, Steedman's Powders safely restore regularity to baby's system when it's upset, feverish or constipated. Steedman's Powders are available everywhere.

F156

## £10 a week for medicine!

Many of the so-called new wonder drugs are too costly for most sufferers. A Sydney man, Mr. Stanley East, of Victoria Road, Rozelle, a martyr to rheumatism, tells how it cost him £10 a week for one of these. It was very good—but each time he left it off the rheumatic pains returned as bad as ever. "I could not afford to keep it up," he said. "Then a friend advised me to try Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids. I was amazed at the relief. Menthoids gave me. They cost me only the price of a packet of cigarettes each week and now I never have a twinge of pain." If you or yours suffer rheumatic aches and pains, backache, tender, aching joints and muscles, kidney troubles or weaknesses, constant headaches, dizziness, hot flushes, certain types of blood trouble, start Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids treatment TO-DAY and start to feel years younger in mind and body. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids, with helpful diet chart, are 7/6 and 4/- everywhere.

## DRESS SENSE *by Betty Keep*

● One of the top-selling skirt silhouettes for autumn is slender and sheath-like.

THIS fashion item answers a reader's request.

Here is her letter and my reply:

"PLEASE would you design me a skirt to wear with a front-buttoned, cardigan type of overblouse? I will be wearing my blouse tucked into the skirt, as overblouses don't suit my figure. The skirt is to be made in red ribbed velveteen, and I would be very grateful if I could have a paper pattern for it in size 26in. waist."

The skirt I have chosen in answer to your request is illustrated at right. Note that its slender line has autumn's new shapeliness, suggesting a sheath outlining the body. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 24½ to 30in. waist—this, of course, includes the size you asked for. The price is 3/-. See the lines under the sketch for further details and how to order.

"I WANT a coat for end of season and fairly warm weather: it is really more a protection for my light frocks than for anything else. Would you please suggest a fashionable style?"

A slim-line coat made with deep slits at the sides and finished with elbow-length, turned-back sleeves would be an excellent and currently fashionable design for a summer coat. The material could be silk or cotton. Either shantung in a natural beige color or a heavy linen in poppy-red would be chic. The color really depends on which shade fits in best with your wardrobe.

"I WAS wondering if you would be so kind as to help me with an idea for an informal party frock. I have chosen the material, which is a very pretty pale blue taffeta."

I advise you to have your party dress made with a long-torso line, its neckline high and wide and laced through with satin ribbon. Below the fitted hipline have the skirt wide and billowing.



D.S. 180.—Skirt in sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. velveteen. Price 3/-. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4080, G.P.O., Sydney.

"WOULD you give me several ideas for a blouse to wear with tapered pants? I am 16 with S.S.W. fitting."

A drawstring overblouse (the drawstring pulled in to fit the hips) is a new and chic fashion to wear with slim trousers. An Oriental influence is also prominent in this category, expressed by long, slim lines, frog fastenings, and tiny upstanding collars.

AS my summer wardrobe is looking very sick, I wondered if you could suggest something really super and smart to brighten it up. I love American fashions."

The acceptance of the little jacket with matching or contrasting dress is an established fashion in New York for spring, 1956, and I don't think you could do better than follow it. For instance, a slim camisole sheath (beltless, of course) with an empire bustline could be worn with a just-below-bosom-length jacket, back-buttoned, and finished with a high, round, collarless neckline and three-quarter-length, uncuffed sleeves. The effect of the ensemble in its simplicity is slightly Eastern, which is one of the newest influences in fashion for the coming season.

"COULD you help me with a problem? I have very little use for formal afternoon clothes, but now find I have to attend a late-day party and have to get a new outfit. As I have not got a large wardrobe I would like the frock to be suitable for other occasions."

What you need is a sleeveless sheath dress with a fairly bare top, plus a cropped, below-bust or waistline jacket. Bareness of the dress makes it appropriate for cocktail or dinner wear; worn with its jacket, it can go anywhere a suit goes. This means it may be worn early in the morning and look correct and smart for any daytime activities, including lunch, matinee, business appointment, or just shopping.

The makers of BEAU MONDE HOSIERY say:

## Wash stockings in Lux because it's so safe

Gossamer-sheer stockings . . . but how to keep such misty loveliness ladder-free? Leading stocking manufacturer, Beau Monde says: "Bar-soap rubbing and harsh washing methods only weaken delicate threads. Always use safe, gentle Lux." Follow the expert's advice—make stockings last three times as long with a Lux dip after every wearing.



P.S. Wash dishes with creamy Lux for a fast, grease-free job. And Lux keeps hands glamorous, remember!

## NEW FINER LUX

So safe you'll want to use it always

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A NAME TO



REMEMBER

Centenary  
PURE WOOL CLOTHS

Beauty in Brief:

## EYELASH ALLURE

By CAROLYN EARLE

● A frequent query is: Can eyelashes be made to grow longer and thicker? For the girl who is prepared to devote a small, regular amount of care to this feature, the answer is: Possibly.

THE first step towards eyelash beauty is to improve the texture and color of the lashes.

Where lashes are short and dry or thin and pale, massage them gently every night with a touch of cream or oil, or a special eyelash preparation if you happen to have one.

Only a tiny bit of the lubricant is needed, and it should be placed as near as possible to the roots of the lashes without getting it in the eyes.

Then, with a fingertip or a fine brush, smooth the preparation along the lashes, running down their full length with each stroke.

This treatment gives the eyes new importance by correcting dryness and stiffness and imparting gloss to the lashes.

Done each night at bedtime, the treatment should show results within a few weeks.



bright hair and eager face, descending the stairs as he, her father, waited below for his share in the joyous, crowning hour!

A surge of bitterness like a relentless, overwhelming physical wave of the sea beat upon him as he bowed his head against the carved wheel. Alice was dead. And Anne . . .

At length, he straightened, then pulled himself together with a hard effort, and started up. Even though she knew the truth he must get to her without more delay. As to the last, incredibly strange conversation with Dr. Hertzog, he must keep that to himself, to gnaw, to tear at alone later in his own heart.

Anne's room was on the second floor at the back of the house, where, even though the city surrounded it, there had always been a garden. She was sitting beside the window now, and looked up as her father entered, shaking back her hair and forcing a smile.

"Jimmy," she began, "you needn't tell me. I know already and I wasn't surprised. I really didn't have the confidence you did in the outcome. Oh, I admit I had a tiny bit of hope"—she was controlling her voice well—"but not much. So we're no worse off than before, and let's just forget Dr. Hertzog. Professionally, I mean. Otherwise he's a perfect darling. I liked him tremendously. He talked sense to me. All the other doctors seem to feel because I'm small and blond that I must be treated like a six-year-old! Now he . . ."

Kirkland lifted her face in his hand and kissed it.

"You needn't run on, Mou-

chie. We understand each other, don't we?"

Her smile faded. "Yes."

"Then we'll . . . manage." In spite of himself his voice caught on the last syllable.

She looked up at him, her beautiful eyes sad beyond words. "I feel almost worse for you than I do for myself. Try not to . . . not to . . . Does Gran know?"

"Not yet. Would you rather I called her?"

"Yes, if you will." She sighed. "You know all the details." Then she spoke again quickly. "Listen, Jimmy, why don't you go over and have dinner with Gran? That will make it better for her. You can both talk freely then. And really—now don't think I'm morbid, for I'm perfectly all right, but I'd rather be alone. That is, it's better for us to be apart tonight."

"You may be right," he agreed heavily, "but I hate to leave you."

"It'll be a relief," she said, trying to make her voice natural. "We're not good for each other right now. Tomorrow we'll both have our second wind. Besides, we ought to think of Gran tonight, too."

"But what will you do? Oh, I can't leave you alone, that's all there is to it."

"I won't be alone later. I'll have dinner up here and eat it while I finish this mystery. I'm half through and it's a corker. I'll round up three of the girls who aren't doing anything and we'll play cut-throat bridge down in the library afterwards. We'll probably still be at it when you get back. No, go, Jimmy, please. This is the way I want it."

He kissed her again tenderly.

Continuing . . .

"There's a meeting I ought to be at later."

"Wonderful! Now you're all set. Give my love to Gran and tell her I've decided to be a poet. We considered art last week, but paints are too messy. Now, writing is nice clean work, and from a lot of the stuff I read, I think a child could do it."

Her banter stopped abruptly. "Make up a good story for Gran, won't you, Jimmy? She'll be pretty hard hit. She somehow expected a miracle from Dr. Hertzog—like you. Can you hold her up, do you think, when you're with her?"

"You know Gran. It will probably be the other way round. But I'll do my best."

"Stout fellow!" She waved him out of the room, smiling again until the door was closed. Then she picked up the house phone beside her and called her nurse in her room down the hall.

"Davy, I want to rest until seven and then have a perfectly fabulous dinner up here. Something different and frilly and, oh, you know, tempting to the appetite! Just tell Perth to let herself go on it. And could you call up some of the girls, and ask three for bridge tonight? Any three you can get."

There was a hesitant question over the wire.

"Yes, we have the report, Davy. It's no dice. I just want to be alone for a little to pick up the pieces. You understand? I'll be all right. I won't need you till seven, and thanks, Davy."

She set down the phone

## The Golden Journey

from page 9

carefully and leaned back in the tall chair. Outside her window a fountain was sending ecstatic rainbow plumes into the sunny air. The lilac hedge at the back of the garden was in bright leaf and masses of daffodil buds were crowding the border beds. A robin sang in the rowan tree. It was spring.

Anne sat staring at the bedroom wall, her body immobile, rigid. Then slowly the tears began. She made no effort to stanch them. They rolled down the white, saddened cheeks while great shuddering breaths came faster and faster. They were the sobs of quiet and utter despair.

KIRKLAND rang the bell at his mother-in-law's apartment at a quarter to seven, feeling the same mixture of pain and eagerness he always experienced as he approached her presence. Both emotions were caused by the fact that Mrs. Catherby even at eighty had the unconscious power of calling up her daughter's presence. In a dozen small ways—in their physical attitudes, their voices, their opinions, in their laughter—mother and daughter had closely resembled each other.

She looked up now, the fine, beautiful bones of her face sharpened and drawn with anxiety.

"Jimmy! Tell me at once. Don't spare me. I knew from your voice on the phone that the news is not good. It's not—hopeless?"

Kirkland nodded.

She gave a small moan and her face went white.

"Somehow, I felt that this man, this doctor would know just what to do. He didn't suggest operating?"

"On the contrary, he was opposed to it."

The old woman wrung her thin hands until, Kirkland thought, the diamonds must have cut the flesh.

"I prayed," she said, "harder than I ever prayed in all my life. And there came over me such a confidence, an assurance—I can't describe it, but my heart has felt lighter this week than at any time since the accident."

"I know. In a way, so has mine. And in spite of what she says I think Anne felt the same. Also, though you may not believe it, I prayed myself, harder than I ever did. I don't believe, however," he added with cold bitterness, "that my own prayers have much weight."

"Tell me exactly to the letter what he said, if you can remember."

"Remember? I wish I could forget." He repeated Dr. Hertzog's diagnosis, and they both sat silent.

"I was to cheer you up," Kirkland said at last with a grim smile. "Anne's idea." Then in a rush the words burst from him.

"If I were a man of moderate means I honestly believe I could bear this better. It's the thought of all the money, useless, useless, that drives me mad. Why did I sweat and struggle and work to get it all? Why did success come to me when so many men miss it? It didn't save Alice. Now, it can't save Anne."

He got up and strode back and forth, his emanation of strength filling the room.

"And it's not only the money. I've got power, too. I go to a meeting from here where we'll decide on the next candidate for governor. I will decide. My word will settle it. I'm boss of this State. And what good is it?" He all but shouted the words. "What good is any

of it to me now? Nothing but a bitterness."

Suddenly he stopped short in his pacing, his head raised, his whole attitude dynamic.

"Unless . . . His voice dropped. "Unless . . ."

Mrs. Catherby was still working with her hands.

"Don't, Jimmy," she said earnestly. "Don't torture yourself. Success just came to you. It's like that in life. She quoted:

"By right or wrong  
Lands and goods go to the strong."

And you're strong. I'm afraid you'll have to lend that strength now to all of us. We'll need it!"

Dinner was announced and he helped her in to the table. They talked then of indifferent matters until Mrs. Catherby looked at him searchingly.

"Jimmy," she said, "there's something you're not telling me. Your mind's off a mile away. Is it politics now?"

"I guess you'd call it that. Forgive me, Ellie. I've been poor company for you. But you've done me good, if that's any consolation to you. I always get ideas somehow when I'm with you. I think you're magic. I remember once when we were explaining your requirements for a new butler I suddenly thought of the perfect man for State Senator! Never occurred to me before. We got him elected, too," he added.

"It would seem to me," the old lady said sadly, "that there are more important matters for us to think of tonight than even senators or governors."

Oddly enough Kirkland smiled back at her, unashamed. "Be patient with me," he said. "My mind works in devious ways. But no matter what I seem to be thinking about, it's always Anne, underneath."

Back in the living-room they spoke little. Kirkland resumed his pacing of the floor, stopping occasionally, hands in pockets, to stare out of the window at the lights of the city. Mrs. Catherby, knowing his moods, knitted quietly. All at once he went to the hall, seized the telephone, and dialled a number.

"Arno?" he questioned. "This is Kirkland. I can't be there tonight . . . I know, I'm sorry, but it's impossible. The words were curt and final. "Can you get the boys together for Friday instead? . . . All right. Things going okay? Listen, Arno. What do you know about young Devereux? . . . I mean personal, professional, everything . . . You can? Fine. Call me at home tonight between nine and ten . . . Good. Thanks, Arno."

He hung up, sat still thinking deeply for a moment, then went back to his mother-in-law.

"What was that, Ellie, you were quoting before dinner about the strong?"

"Oh, that! Some lines from Emerson. I have a feeling that I'm one of the very few who still read his verse. I take his 'Terminus' every morning now with my breakfast to bolster me up about being old. When you get to be eighty, Jimmy, read it. Don't forget."

"You and your poetry!" He said it in the same teasing tone he had used with Alice, half scornful, half wistful.

The old lady looked at him tenderly. She had told him often to his face that she could never understand him, that in fact she disapproved of him, yet loved him in spite of it. So it had been with her daughter.

"Say the lines again," he demanded.

"They are from another

poem you wouldn't care for at all, as a whole. But these particular words always make me think of you.

"As garment draws the garment's hem,  
Men their fortunes bring  
By right or wrong,  
Lands and goods go to the strong!"

She paused and then added softly as though to herself: "Nor less the eternal poles Of tendency distribute souls."

But Kirkland had caught it. His head flashed up and he gazed at her with piercing intentness.

"What was that last? What does that mean? The questions were sharp and peremptory.

She laughed a little. "Don't bite me, Jimmy. You ought to read more, and then you could interpret poetry for yourself. But I'll explain if I can. I think it means souls are mysteriously drawn to each other—or they aren't. You can't force people to be friends. You can't compel young folks to fall in love. It's 'the eternal poles of tendency' at work that does it. That's all."

"I know," he said heavily. "I've thought of that. But," he muttered, half under his breath, "I've got to take the chance."

It was Mrs. Catherby's turn to question.

"What are you talking about? What chance?"

He was at once his controlled and inscrutable self.

"Nothing," he smiled. "Nothing, really. Just politics again."

She brought the conversation back to Anne.

"I overheard you on the phone. I'm glad you're going back home from here. I'll go over tomorrow if I can make it. We must try to think of something new and different just now to take up her mind. I talked to her last week about painting lessons. She might develop some talent. She's so clever at everything."

"Oh, I forgot. She sent you a message to the effect that paints were a bit messy and she thought she'd try writing. Clean, easy work," she said.

They laughed in spite of themselves.

"I've got a man working on a specially designed piano," he went on. "Some device to take the place of foot pedalling. Hope he strikes it right. That would mean more to her than anything. And, of course, her new car's ready for her, but she doesn't seem . . . and I can't . . ."

"No!" Mrs. Catherby cried out. "Not the car yet. None of us could stand the thought of that for a while."

Kirkland rose abruptly and, with one of his rare caresses to her, bent and kissed her forehead.

"I must go, Ellie. Thanks for everything. Sorry I've not been a brighter guest, but you've done me good—maybe more than meets the eye."

"I'm glad you came," she said simply. "Just tell Anne I sent my love. She'll know the rest."

She waved him off, smiling, fighting back the tears.

Kirkland stopped at the front door as he always did to confer with Hawley, and slip a bill into his seamed hand.

"Take good care of her," he said. "Call me any time, day or night, if she should not be well. She's not so young now."

The old colored man was serious in his devotion.

"I know, Mistah Kirkland, an' I watches her like a hawk. You can trust me, an' thank you, suh."

Kirkland got into his car and drove home more slowly than was his wont. This very night he must face the startling thought that had come to him in Ellie's quiet living-room, come with the force of an exploding bomb and torn through

## Continuing . . . Dead Is Forever

from page 5

leaned his weight on the chair, and it creaked in protest. Suddenly, struck by a thought, he said: "What did you go to the desert for? Prospecting?"

"Since I was 20," the old man stared past the barn at the heat haze shimmering in the distance. "Always hoping to do what Lasseter did, always hoping to strike it rich. Mind you, I got by. Sometimes I made enough to rest in town and spend big. But after a month or so I'd be off again." He struck a match and lit his pipe. "Prospecting's like that, Mister. Gets you in. You go for years and barely making a living, then, bingo, you're in the money."

"You're nuts," Cal pulled his hat low over his eyes, indicating the conversation was ended.

The old man sniffed and said, "Guess I'd better fix that dray wheel." He started to descend the steps and suddenly sneezed violently. He fumbled in his pocket, pulling out a large handkerchief, and a shabby wallet fell to the ground. The old man wiped his face and, ignorant of his loss, wandered across to the barn.

Cal stared at the wallet idly, then, moved by curiosity, left the chair, picked it up, and sat down on the top step. Casually he inspected the contents, glancing at the faded photographs, and quickly scanning the three letters. It was the third one which held his attention. He felt a surge of excitement as he read it, and his eyes narrowed as he folded it and replaced it in the wallet, which he let fall to the ground.

"Farmer Georgie, eh! Not so dumb, after all," he murmured, and walked inside.

Amy was busy in the kitchen and George had gone to the creek to complete the well he was digging. Cal walked quietly to the old man's room and eased himself inside. Moving quickly and with a sureness

born of experience, he ransacked the old man's drawers and cupboard, replacing every object with scrupulous care. Then he looked at the bed and went on his knees, hand sliding beneath the mattress. His fingers touched paper.

He laughed softly as he unfolded the sheet of paper and examined it. Stowing it in his pocket, he left the room and went to the barn, where the old man was working.

He talked to the old man, but his eyes were active, scanning the barn and lighting up when he saw what he was seeking. He lighted a cigarette and trembled with excitement as he walked back to the house.

George was the first to discover the loss of the mare next morning, and he scratched his head as he inspected the corner from which Marriot had taken the camping gear. He turned slowly to the house just in time to hear Amy announce that their guest had gone.

George sat on the steps and lighted a cigarette. He stared at the heat haze shimmering on the flat, parched country, almost obscuring Mount Bendigo in the far distance.

"I don't like it, Amy," he said. "He wouldn't leave just on the spur of the moment, not unless he had something brewing in that rotten head of his. Somehow or other I have a feeling Pop could tell us more than we know."

"I'll do just that." The old man shuffled from the house and eased himself into his chair. He scanned the flat country as if expecting to see something or somebody. He took the envelope from his shirt pocket and handed it to George, who opened it and read the enclosed letter.

"I don't understand, Pop. This letter is from the Government analyst, telling you your

samples were definitely uranium specimens and advising you to register your claim."

"What claim?" Amy looked at her father in astonishment. "You haven't been prospecting for three years."

"City bloke didn't know that." The old man chewed on the stem of his pipe. "I got Harry Wilkins to fix that letter when I was in town. Then I dropped it where Smart-Alick would find it. I bought an old geiger counter in town and planted it and a faked map. Map only gave the general location, not the exact place. He would have to make sure of the position before he registered."

He screwed up his eyes, still searching the heat haze, and then he looked at George and said quietly, "It's hot out there, George. Real hot. Especially when you're afoot and without water."

"He's got water and he has the mare," George reminded the old man gently. "You've got rid of him for a few days, and when he comes back he'll be as sore as hell."

"How long will he have the mare?" The old man rocked contentedly. "You know Bessie has to be tethered real well. She should be well on her way home by now. And the district I sent him to hasn't got water within 30 miles. Like I said, George, it's hot out there. And lonely, especially for a new chum."

"But that's murder, Dad!" gasped Amy.

"No, 'tain't, lass. I didn't make him go. He took off under his own steam. When I was in town I read a few newspapers, George. Your mate was wanted for killing a woman. So it's 'an eye for an eye'."

He stuffed tobacco into his pipe and grinned at them.

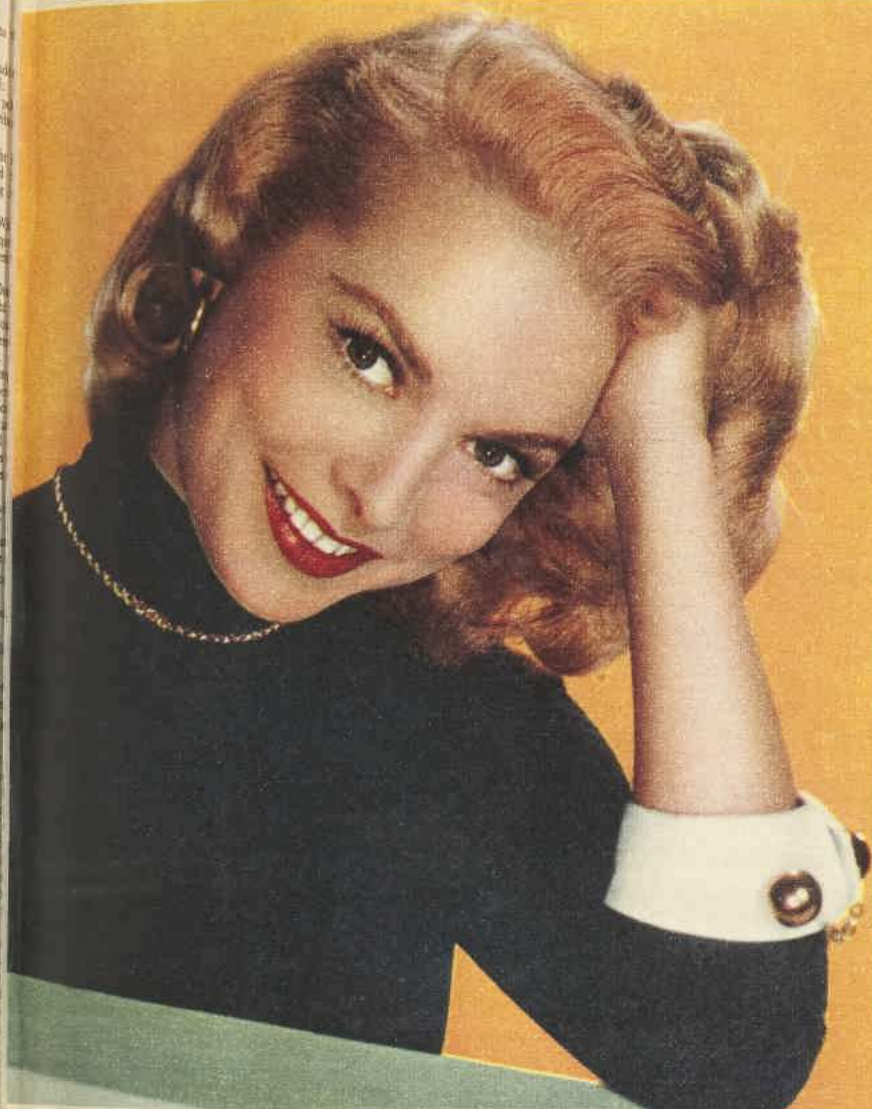
"He won't bother you no more, George. Like he said, 'dead is forever!'"

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ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



# Fun in Greenwich Village



★ Bright song-and-dance ensembles are linked with gags and gaiety in Greenwich Village in Columbia's new big-screen musical comedy, "My Sister Eileen," which stars blond Janet Leigh in the title role and Betty Garrett as her sprightly sister Ruth. Jack Lemmon, Bob Fosse, Tommy Rall, and Kurt Kasznar share the girls' amusing experiences after they rent a crazy flat in the village.



LEFT: Janet Leigh as Eileen Sherwood, the pretty heroine from Columbus, Ohio, who seeks a stage career in New York and straight away finds romance in the city's Bohemian quarter.

ABOVE: Courting time, when Bob Fosse (left) and Tommy Rall both woo Eileen (Janet Leigh). Bob plays a shy lad from a nearby soda-fountain counter. Tommy is the brash suitor.



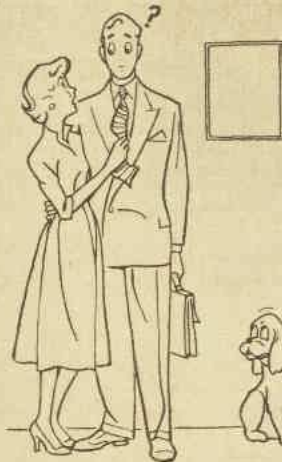
SWINGING through a conga are, left to right, Janet Leigh, Jack Lemmon, Betty Garrett, and Bob Fosse. Young Fosse handled choreography on the film, contributes a variety of strenuous dance routines.

BETTY GARRETT (above) in the role of Ruth Sherwood, who writes about her sister Eileen's romances. In this film sequence Ruth is hilariously involved with Brazilian Navy cadets during a goodwill tour.





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## Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

### ★★ *Helen of Troy*

**H**OLLYWOOD went to Italy to film this immensely costly production of "Helen of Troy" around the picturesque coastlines and plains of the country. The result is a handsome CinemaScope spectacle of considerable sweep and dimension.

Judged on the presentation of bold action in the year 1100 B.C., the film is colorful entertainment.

In telling of the immortal romance of Helen of Troy, the most beautiful woman in the world, and idealistic Prince Paris, however, it is not so successful.

For one thing, the makers' shock stroke of casting two young and relatively inexperienced players as the guilty lovers finds Jacques (called Jack in the film credits) Sernas, the golden boy of French filmdom, and Italian actress

Rossana Podesta less than adequate in their respective roles.

Photographed together in colorful regalia, they are the prettiest couple imaginable, but in their naive hands the grand passion that plunged a whole legendary world into bitter conflict becomes a mere boy-and-girl crush.

Both their voices are dubbed in refined English for the occasion.

Among the contingent of seasoned British actors gathered together by Warners to fill the roles of legendary heroes are Nial MacGinnis (King Menelaus), Torin Thatcher (Ulysses), Robert Douglas (Agamemnon), Stanley Baker (black-browed and temperamental Achilles), and Harry Andrews as valiant Hector.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke plays peace-loving King Priam and Nora Swinburne is Queen Hecuba of Troy.

In Sydney—Regent.

## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

**CENTURY.**—★★ "East of Eden," CinemaScope color period melodrama, starring James Dean, Julie Harris, Raymond Massey. Plus featurettes.

**EMBASSY.**—★★ "A Kid for Two Farthings," Eastman-color comedy-drama, starring Celia Johnson, Diana Dors, David Kosoff. Plus featurettes.

**ESQUIRE.**—★ "Love is a Many-Splendored Thing," Delux color CinemaScope romantic drama, starring William Holden, Jennifer Jones. Plus featurettes.

**LIBERTY.**—★ "Camille," romantic drama, starring Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor. (Re-release, review unavailable.) Plus featurettes.

**LYCEUM.**—★ "The Black Knight," technicolor period romance, starring Alad Ladd, Patricia Medina. Plus "Apache Ambush," Western, starring Bill Williams, Movita, Richard Jaeckel.

**MAYFAIR.**—★★★ "The Seven Year Itch," CinemaScope Delux color comedy, starring Tom Ewell, Marilyn Monroe. Plus featurettes.

**PALACE.**—★ "Witness to Murder," murder thriller, starring Barbara Stanwyck, George Sanders, Gary Merrill. Plus ★ "Casanova Brown," romantic comedy, starring Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright.

**PALLADIUM.**—★ "Sante Fe Passage," tricolor Western, starring John Payne, Rod Cameron, Faith Domergue. Plus "Superman in Exile," adventure, starring George Reeves, Noel Niell, Jack Larson.

**PARIS.**—★★ "Davy Crockett," technicolor period Western, starring Fess Parker, Buddy Ebsen. Plus featurettes.

**PLAZA.**—★★ "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," color CinemaScope adventure, starring James Mason, Kirk Douglas, Paul Lukas, Peter Lorre. Plus featurettes.

**REGENT.**—★★ "Helen of Troy," color CinemaScope historical extravaganza, starring Rossana Podesta, Jack Sernas, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

**SAVOY.**—★★ "Therese Raquin," French-language drama with English sub-titles, starring Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone. Plus featurettes.

**ST. JAMES.**—★ "It's Always Fair Weather," Eastmancolor musical, starring Gene Kelly, Dan Dailey, Cyd Charisse. Plus featurettes.

**STATE.**—★★ "Doctor at Sea," technicolor VistaVision comedy, starring Dirk Bogarde, Brigitte Bardot. Plus featurettes.

**VICTORY.**—"Francis in the Navy," comedy, starring Donald O'Connor, Martha Hyer. Plus ★ "Bengal Brigade," technicolor adventure, starring Rock Hudson, Arlene Dahl.

### Not yet reviewed

**CAPITOL.**—"Count Three and Pray," CinemaScope technicolor action-drama, starring Van Heflin, Joanne Woodward, Phil Carey. Plus "Bring Your Smile Along," technicolor musical, starring Frankie Laine, Keefe Brasselle, Constance Towers.

**LYRIC.**—"The Night Holds Terror," thriller, starring Jack Kelly, Hildy Parks, Vince Edwards. Plus "Devil Goddess," outdoor adventure, starring Johnny Weissmuller, Angela Stevens, and Kimba.

**PRINCE EDWARD.**—"To Catch a Thief," VistaVision thriller, starring Grace Kelly, Cary Grant. Plus featurettes.





**1 YOUNG** Miss Dove (Jennifer Jones) visits her father (Leslie Bradley), right, at the bank. He dies that night, and she vows to repay, out of her school earnings, the money he "borrowed."



**2 ELDERLY** Miss Dove sees the beginning of a romance in her schoolroom between unhappy Jincey (Kipp Hamilton) and Dr. Thomas Baker (Robert Stack). Later the couple marry.

## Saga of a small town

★ Set in the small town of Liberty Hill in New England, "Good Morning, Miss Dove" (Fox) is based on the best-selling novel by Frances Gray Patton which was featured in serial form in *The Australian Women's Weekly* last year. It is the story of a schoolteacher and her beneficent influence on her pupils during 35 years of teaching.

The film stars Jennifer Jones in the title role of Miss Dove. The part takes her through youth into maturity.

The screenplay combines Miss Dove's recollections of the past with her present-day experiences.



**3 TEA FOR TWO.** In another reverie Miss Dove recalls Bill Holloway (Chuck Connors), to whom she gave jobs raking leaves until he got a paper run. During the war Bill became a Marine Sergeant, and later a local policeman.



**4 ILL IN HOSPITAL,** Miss Dove eyes her nurse (Peggy Knudson), remembering her as a not-too-bright ex-pupil. The bankowner tells Miss Dove her bills will be taken care of.



**5 YEARS BEFORE** Miss Dove had forestalled a run on Porter's bank by depositing funds when everyone else wanted to withdraw money, and by holding up the line until after closing time. Mr. Porter feels he owes Miss Dove a lot.



**6 ARRIVAL** of group of pupils at the hospital to volunteer as blood donors typifies Miss Dove's place in the community. The nurse sends them away, for nearby Bill Holloway is waiting.



**7 CONSCIOUS** again, Miss Dove requests an honest report. Dr. Baker merely answers, "Good Morning, Miss Dove." Outside, bells ring in her honor, and waiting townspeople rejoice.



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Continuing

## The Golden Journey

from page 34

his mind with a flash of incredible potential. This very night he would settle the matter with himself, at least. He stepped on the accelerator and the car sped forward.

Once in the hall at home he was greeted by a burst of laughter, and then silence. He walked down to the library and stood at the door unobserved. The room looked brighter now than it had even in the afternoon sun when he and Dr. Hertzog had stood here together, for a fire crackled gaily on the hearth and great bowls of yellow daffodils stood about.

In the centre four young girls sat at a card table, intent upon their game. Anne's chair (one of the many he had had made for her) was just like the others, above the table, at least. She looked up now suddenly and called out to him.

"Quiet, Jimmy. I've bid six spades doubled and I think I'm going to make them!"

"Go ahead, I'm not going to bother you. Just looked in. Gran sent her love," he added.

The others greeted him with varying degrees of familiarity and Anne blew him a kiss. He nodded to Miss Davis, sitting unobtrusively with her knitting in a far corner of the room. It was well. Davy would look after everything. He had been wise to comb both America and Britain to find her. Nurse, companion, friend—just what Anne needed. He would go on now to his own study across the hall and not see Anne again that night. It was better so.

Once in the study he closed the door and sat down at his desk, where a light was always kept burning for his return. In this spot he did his real planning, received and made his most important political phone calls, and saw visitors whom he did not care to have come to his downtown office.

With the intensity of concentration of which he was capable, he now set himself to review his thinking of the last few hours. He was a man accustomed to swift and irrevocable decisions. So, now, the greatest, most important of his life must be made without delay.

Money was useless. He had been at once bitterly aware of that. But the thought that had struck him with violence at Ellie's was that he held in his hands another negotiable asset; less sordid, less crass, more fluid, more compelling to the right person even than money. And simultaneously with the thought there had appeared in his mind the face of a young man, strong even as his own, with keen grey eyes and determined chin. It was Paul Devereux who was

looking up the ladder whose heights Kirkland himself controlled.

Sentence by sentence—graven as they were upon his brain—he went over again now the last conversation with Hertzog. The anguish of mortal uncertainty lay upon each word. And yet that faint, evanescent possibility, too dim to be called even a hope, in connection with Anne must not be disregarded; must not even be postponed.

When the call came at nine-thirty he was ready. He thought, as he answered, that Arno never failed him. Kirkland, with his usual unerring eye for ability, had picked him up as a grubby messenger boy, fifteen years before, and had made him into his own right hand. Arno had now become not only the peerless secretary but even adviser in political matters.

"Chief?"

"Go ahead, Arno."

"Well, I went through the files on the precinct workers and here's what I have on young Devereux. Lawyer with the firm of Hartwell and Harvey; thirty, unmarried, lives at a rooming house on the north side. And I might add just on my own opinion, ambitious as the devil. That's all at the moment."

"Okay. Get in touch with him the first thing in the morning and ask him if he'll have lunch with me at the Down Town Club at one, and be prepared to spend an hour afterwards with me in my office. If he can't make it tomorrow, then the next day."

"I rather think he'll be able to make it," Arno drawled. "And I believe you've got a right hunch, Chief, about that young fellow. I heard him, too, you know, at that Young Politicians' Club."

"That's right. You did. Well, thanks, Arno. Goodnight."

Kirkland sat looking into space, avoiding the eyes of the two pictures which stood upon his desk. Nothing, nothing could be predicted until after their talk. There were plenty of general matters he could discuss if he didn't like the young fellow at close range. If he did...

It was very late and the house quiet when he rose, put out the light, and left the room. He walked past the elevator concealed in the panelling, which always smote his heart with a physical pain by its tragic significance. He went on slowly and heavily to the staircase and there he stopped,

as though the decision were all to be made anew.

For the terrifying possibilities of the course to which he was committed again overcame him. A wrenching doubt assailed him, the like of which he had never known before; a shattering doubt of himself, of his judgment, of his power. His head sank on his breast, his hand clutched for the newel, as the tortured words beat within his brain.

"Who am I to do this thing? I am not God!"

When he looked up at last he saw the curving steps where Anne's feet had been used to go so lightly, so fleetly up and down. His lips, though white, became once more firm and implacable.

"But I am her father," he said aloud.

Kirkland slept late after a restless night, but even when he was dressed and ready to go downstairs there was still no sound from Anne's room as he paused tensely outside to listen. This quiet was ominous, for as a rule her door was open and she was sitting propped up in bed, eager for a chat when he came by. They even breakfasted together sometimes by her window. He realised he had hoped for that this morning.

But the closed door and the silence meant that for her, too, the dark night had been heavy with bitter fruit, and only ultimate exhaustion had released her from the weight. There was no sign of Miss Davis, either, and he felt a sharp twinge of jealousy as he thought that perhaps she had shared those hidden hours of anguish instead of himself.

He went slowly down the stairs to the dining-room, where Hackett was holding his chair. He managed the brief morning amenities, scanned the newspaper headlines, drank his coffee eagerly, but found he could do little with breakfast. The burden upon his heart was so heavy that he felt he could not set forth upon the day without more human companionship than Hackett's austere presence offered. He decided to call Ellie. She was sure to be up.

He gave the number to Hackett and in a moment the extension phone was in his hand.

"Oh, Ellie?"

"Good morning, Jimmy. I'm glad you called me."

"Are you all right?"

"Yes, of course. How is Anne?"

"She's still asleep. They

To page 39

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probably played bridge until all hours last night, but still it's so late now.

"Yes." The old woman's voice was drowned in sadness. "She would not feel the whole force of it until she was finally alone and quiet in bed."

"That's what I thought. I have to get to the office now, but you'll call her later on?"

"Of course. I've been trying to think of something new and startling to take her out of herself at once. I'll keep on."

"Ellie?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever settle something in your own mind after the best thought you could put on it, and then waver? Decide and doubt. Doubt and decide. Did you?"

For answer Mrs. Catherby laughed—a musical sound that belied her years.

"You ask a woman that? I never came to an important decision in my life that I didn't make and unmake it a dozen times. That's the way the feminine mind works. But I'll tell you something, Jimmy."

"What?"

"I've come to believe in the Law of the First Intention. At least that's what I call it."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, I think your first impulse may not be the wisest from certain points of view, but is likely to be the best in the long run."

"You really think so?"

"I do."

"Thanks, Ellie. I've got to go, but you've been a help as usual. Take care of yourself now."

"I never know what you're up to, Jimmy, but it's good, God bless you with it."

"I need some blessing. Well, goodbye."

He felt better as he left the house, though there was still no sign of life on the second floor. When he reached the office his usual confidence was taking

possession of him. He felt more secure at his desk here than in his study at home. He rang for Arno, and the man was instantly beside him.

He was of medium height with an extraordinary breadth of shoulders. Anne's one-time laughing comment, "There but for the grace of you, Dad, goes a gangster of the first water," seemed borne out by the heavy features and the sharp, enigmatic black eyes. As though to complete the look sinister, a scar, innocently enough come by in a boyish fight, ran across one cheek.

When he smiled, however, this somewhat malevolent expression was dispelled. The lines of intensity did not leave his face, but the forcefulness then was a friendly one. Men as a rule liked Arno, and, as he often said brusquely, he had no time for women.

"Well, Chief," he began now as Kirkland leafed through the letters before him, "I got young Devereux this morning on the phone. It was like I thought. He jumped at the chance of lunch with you. One o'clock, I told him, at the Down Town Club and perhaps an hour here later. He's got a lot on the ball, that fellow. What's on your mind about him?"

"Oh, just want to size him up a little. Material for something, maybe, some time."

Arno watched the older man.

"Yeah, when you pick 'em you really pick 'em. I fixed the meeting up for Friday night at Barney's, too. Okay?"

Kirkland nodded. "I haven't too much time before lunch. Better send Miss Sayles in and I'll get at this mail."

"Those are the most important ones." He paused, glancing at the photograph on the desk of a young, laughing girl, her face raised to the sun.

"And . . . Miss Anne?"

Kirkland shook his head. "Nothing," he said. "Dr. Hert-

## Continuing

zog has gone. I can't talk about it."

Arno went out without a word and in a moment Miss Sayles, tailored, efficient, inscrutable, and not so young, entered.

"She's as restful to me as a live Buddha," Kirkland had once told his mother-in-law. "With most people you get tangled up in their personalities somehow, and it's distracting."



But with Sayles I can concentrate as well as though I were looking at a blank wall."

"As sexless as that?" Ellie had asked, smiling.

"Absolutely. I wouldn't be surprised one day to see the typewriter growing right out of the ends of her fingers. One machine."

"I'd like to meet her," Mrs. Catherby had said.

"Well, if anybody could humanise her you could. But don't you dare," he had added.

"I want her as she is."

She took his dictation now with amazing speed, sometimes

## The Golden Journey

from page 38

stopping him with "I can finish that, I think," or merely nodding assent when he said, "Reply to this one in the usual way."

When the first stack of letters was finished he turned to another group, his brows contracting. The coal business he knew thoroughly. His father as a young man had left the collieries in Scotland to come to the New World, hoping to make his fortune in a different fashion. But the old had claimed him even in the midst of the new and he had gone to work again in the mines, though this time in an American setting. So the young James had grown up in the shadow of the tippie and the coke ovens.

The "works" had been his college until he had mastered the industry. Then, at twenty-five, with his savings in his pocket and a relentless ambition pointing up his native sagacity, he had taken a chance on buying an option on a hitherto overlooked farm. The veins of coal he had suspected had been there. His climb up had begun.

It had been a long, rugged way, but to him the struggle was part of the prize. Now, when he was sixty, his own works stretched for miles along the valley and the hills beyond the city. The coal business, then, held for him no surprises, and at this point relatively few problems except the normal ones of administration. It was the other great interest that had curiously overtaken him along the way, which now gave to him the compelling zest of the eternally devious and challenging.

He picked up a letter and stared through Miss Sayles and beyond before he began, more

slowly, to give the name and address.

"My dear Senator," he went on. "As it looks now, we will be able to nominate Halsey for Governor. I am quite confident he can be elected if the Barker interests don't get the upper hand. I count upon you to use all the influence you can muster to prevent that. Needless to say, our organisation here is doing its utmost. Halsey still seems to me the best man. His record will sound good, he's proved himself a sound campaigner, he has popular appeal, and yet will be open to—shall we say suggestion—as he goes along."

"I'm glad you concur in all this. I will be happy to receive any suggestions you may have. I can even make it convenient to take a trip to the capital if a conference seems advisable at this point. Very truly yours." He paused briefly before adding, "Mark the envelope 'Personal,' Miss Sayles."

It was nearing one and the nervousness he had felt at breakfast was now again gripping him hard. He dismissed Sayles, pulled himself together, and prepared to start out.

"I've ordered a table for you, Chief," Arno said, coming in again. "Place gets pretty crowded about this time."

"I wonder if I'll know Devereux? I've never talked to him except in a group. All at once I can't remember him too clearly."

Arno looked at his boss keenly. This last remark was out of character. The chief remembered everybody he wanted to remember after a single meeting! Could recall them years after. What had hit him now about young Devereux?

"Oh, you couldn't miss him," he said carelessly. "Tall, brown

hair, pretty neat dresser. Anyway, he'll know you for sure."

"When we get back here, I do not want any interruptions of any nature," Kirkland said. "That goes for you, too, Arno."

Once again Arno's black eyes look puzzled.

"Okay, Chief. I'll see to it." As Kirkland drove to the club he felt a cold sweat breaking upon him, along with a faint touch of nausea. In spite of himself, his hands kept straining and clenching each other while a weakness seemed to creep up from his legs to his head.

"Should have eaten a proper breakfast," he muttered. "Need food, that's all."

Once at the club there was no difficulty in locating his guest. The young man was already in the lobby, watching the door. He came forward eagerly and Kirkland had a swift, pleasurable impression. Devereux was tall, as Arno had said, with a slender face, brown hair, grey eyes, and a strong cleft chin.

"Mr. Kirkland! This is a pleasure." Good smile he's got, the older man was thinking.

"Ah, Devereux! Nice of you to join me today. Wait till I get rid of this hat."

The head waiter was obsequious.

"Mr. Kirkland! This way, please. We kept a quiet spot for you . . . here in the alcove."

They sat down at the table in a tall bay window that looked off to the river and the hills beyond.

"Cocktail, Devereux?"

"No thanks! Not at lunch, if you don't mind, sir."

"Good! Never do myself then unless I have to. Makes me fuzzy somehow for the afternoon. Well, find something you like. I'll start with soup—any kind, so long as it's good and

To page 41

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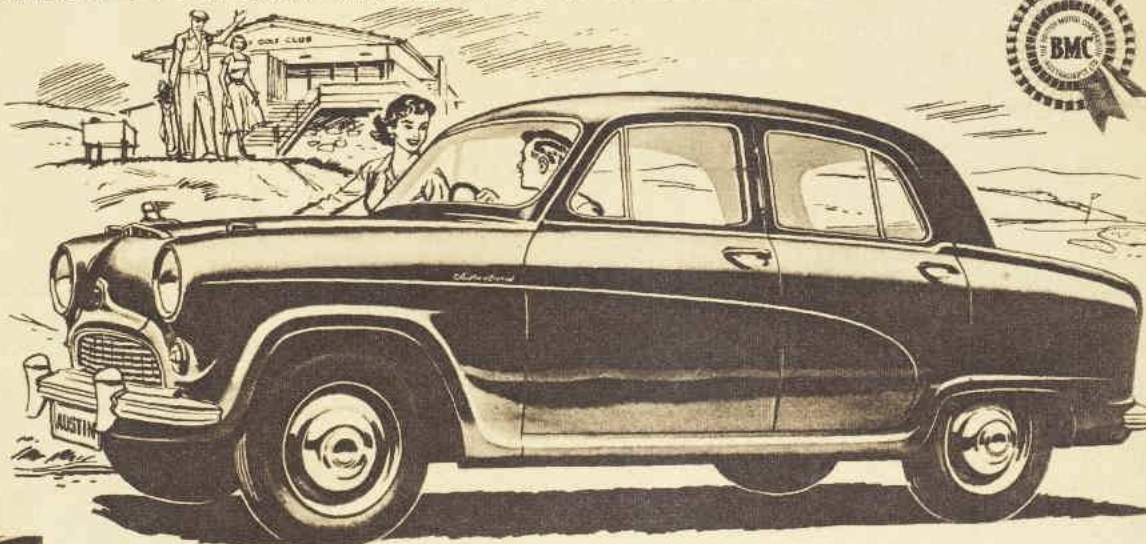
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## KRAFT CHEDDAR

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You'll please all members of the family when you offer them *both* Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Old English.

Kraft Cheddar is available everywhere in the blue 8-oz. packet, the 1-oz. portion, the family-size 2-lb. pack, or from the economical 5-lb. loaf; and Kraft Old English in the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portion.





# Keep this handy guide in your kitchen for delicious Nourishing Sandwiches that are different...

Peanut butter, marmalade and shredded Kraft Cheddar.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar, tomato sauce and shredded lettuce.

Rye bread with shredded Kraft Cheddar, chopped nuts and dates.

Drained mashed pineapple, sliced Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Kraft Cheddar, chopped celery and Bonox.

Chopped walnuts, sliced Kraft Cheddar and Vegemite.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar with plum or apricot jam.

Shredded Kraft Cheddar with minced left-over meat moistened with Kraft Mayonnaise.

Baked beans and shredded Kraft Cheddar.

Peanut butter, Kraft Cheddar and chopped celery.

Sliced tomato, sliced Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Chopped raisins, Kraft Cheddar and a dash of lemon juice.

Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shredded Kraft Cheddar, add 1 teaspoon Vegemite, and use with shredded lettuce.

Sardines mashed with shredded Kraft Cheddar and a dash of lemon juice.

Sliced cold meat, shredded Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Sliced cold rabbit, shredded Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Kraft Cheddar, tomato, shredded lettuce and Vegemite.

Crab-apple jelly, shredded Kraft Cheddar and sultanas.

Grated carrot, chopped celery and Bonox with sliced Kraft Cheddar.

Mashed banana, shredded Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Peanut butter, chopped raisins and shredded Kraft Cheddar.

Grated raw apple, Kraft Cheddar and Vegemite.

Remember, for those in your family who like a cheese with a stronger flavour, use Kraft Old English in any of these exciting sandwiches.

Kraft Cheddar and sliced stewed prunes.

Kraft Cheddar, with tinned spaghetti in tomato sauce.

Kraft Cheddar with orange and onion salad, moistened with vinegar.

Kraft Cheddar, sliced Wham and chopped gherkin.

Scrambled egg, chopped parsley and shredded Kraft Cheddar.

Sliced raw or tinned apricots with shredded Kraft Cheddar.

Cooked crumbled bacon, shredded Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar, cooked peas and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Kraft Cheddar with cold hamburger or meat loaf and Worcestershire sauce.

Shredded Kraft Cheddar with tinned sweetcorn.

Sliced cucumber moistened with vinegar and sliced Kraft Cheddar.

Kraft Cheddar, shredded raw cabbage and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar and sliced dried figs.

Scrambled egg, grilled bacon and sliced Kraft Cheddar.

Sliced ham, sliced Kraft Cheddar and shredded lettuce.

Shredded dark chocolate with shredded Kraft Cheddar.

Sliced pickled beetroot, Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Grated carrot, chopped raisins and Kraft Cheddar.

Sliced Kraft Cheddar and thinly sliced crystallised ginger.

Kraft Cheddar, Fish Supreme and celery.

Sliced cold pork with seasoning and Kraft Cheddar.

Sliced tinned pears, Kraft Cheddar and Kraft Mayonnaise.

Kraft Cheddar and tinned asparagus.

Mashed cooked parsnip and sliced Kraft Cheddar.

## KRAFT FOODS

for delicious nourishing sandwiches

KFC511

Continuing . . . . .

hot, Wilson," he added to the waiter. "I'll join you with that."

They finished ordering in that light accord which comes of congenial tastes in food, and then, as was his custom, Kirkland started directly, almost brusquely, upon his questioning.

"So, Devereux, I am to assume you're interested in politics, eh?"

"Yes, sir," the young man replied levelly, "I am."

"Why?"

After the sharp monosyllable they sat looking at each other as though taking measure. Devereux's grey eyes grew cold and keen. Kirkland stared back at him with the penetration and intensity of years of experience showing under the half-closed lids.

"Why?" he repeated. "I suppose you want the truth?"

"Naturally."

"I think," Devereux said slowly, "that there is a direct relation between ego and a certain kind of ambition. There are men who want quiet, even tenored lives. They do not want to be bothered by any interests outside their work and their families. There are others who crave power. They want a part in manipulating men and events to their will. I am one of the latter."

"And you think this is . . . ego?"

"Well, I've come to believe that the man who is ambitious for power usually thinks rather highly of himself. If he doesn't he'll never get anywhere. You see, I'm being honest."

For a moment there was silence. Then Kirkland shot another question.

"You're not married?"

"No, sir."

"Are your affections engaged in any way?"

The young man smiled even as a faint reserve crept into his voice.

"No, they are not at the present, though I certainly do not intend to live a celibate life. The thing is that I'm stuck pretty closely to my work and so far I haven't met . . ."

"All right! You'll understand later I wasn't prying. Have you a political goal already set for yourself?"

"Yes, I would like some day to be Governor of this State."

"Why stop there?"

They both laughed a little.

"The ultimate always beckons, but, after all, there must be milestones on every journey!" Devereux replied.

Kirkland suddenly looked immensely gratified. For long years he had been accustomed to sizing men up almost at sight with an uncanny accuracy.

"I like your straightforwardness and your honesty. I like your whole get-up, young man. Well, let's get on with our lunch and then go back to my office. I want to talk to you privately."

For the rest of the meal he spoke with almost a lightness of spirit about other things, coming back occasionally to the personal.

"By the way, where do you hail from? City-bred?"

Devereux shook his head. "No. I come of country stock. Northwestern end of the State. On my paternal side they were practically all farmers. On my mother's there were some professional men, but I'm country-born myself."

"Um-hm. Well, a rural background never did a politician any harm. The fact is it's a big asset. The common touch, you know. A country-bred man can always learn to get on with city people, but a town-bred fellow never gets the real hang of the country. You can put city polish on a man, but, by golly, it seems you can't ever rub it off him. Well, if you're finished, let's be going."

## The Golden Journey

from page 39

some sort of instrument drawn up and signed that this was our sworn agreement."

"And she—your daughter—would she also sign it?"

Kirkland leaped from his chair. "Good heavens, man, have I omitted the most essential point of the whole thing? My daughter must never by word or look from you know the truth! She must be made to feel you are in love with her. If she doubted you, there would be no marriage. Can't you see that? You must court her as any man would court a young woman, try to win her affection, go through with it on that basis. It's the only way it can be done."

"And then?" — Devereux moistened his lips—"after conceivably getting her to care for me, I would be free to leave her in three years' time, regardless of her feelings?"

It was Kirkland's turn to pale. When he answered his voice was harsh with the stress of his pain.

"I have thought of everything. Last night I lived through every possible situation that might arise. I still feel I must take this chance if you will agree to it."

Devereux's answer was immediate and decisive.

"I am sorry, Mr. Kirkland, but I cannot undertake to do what you ask."

Kirkland sat very still for a full minute. Then he spoke again.

"It is hard for me to lay bare my soul to you. It is not easy for me to plead with anyone. I have never done it before in my life. But now I beg, I plead with you to do one thing. Come to my home, meet Anne, and then after that take time to consider. Think over carefully the advantages to yourself. No one can be sure of anything in this world, least of all in politics. But I am in a position to do more to advance you than any other man in the State . . ."

As the young man before him started to speak, Kirkland stopped him.

"Will you do this one thing, which, of course, carries no obligation whatsoever? Come to dinner at my home. Will you do this much for me?"

"Of . . . of course," Devereux stammered, plainly moved by Kirkland's appeal. "If you understand that I . . ."

"I understand perfectly. Suppose we pretend none of this conversation has taken place. Suppose we begin at this present moment. Are you free to-night, Devereux? Could you dine with us?"

"Tonight?" His voice was amazed.

"Tonight at seven. Can you come?"

"Why . . . yes, I'm free. Yes . . . thank you, I'll come." He still sounded dazed.

"Good. We'll see you then. I'll send the car for you. And Devereux?"

"Yes."

Kirkland stood before him, his features suddenly like iron.

"Will you give me your word of honor that nothing that has been spoken here today will ever be repeated by you to

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### Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.



Anne? No matter what happens?"

Devereux's eyes met his in a straight line.

"I can promise you that, sir, with all my heart."

As he was going out the door, Kirkland called after him: "Oh, by the way, black tie, if you don't mind. Anne doesn't have much chance to dress now!"

"Of course," Devereux answered. "I understand."

When he was gone Kirkland picked up the phone and called his home. Hackett answered.

"Is Miss Anne resting?"

"I'll find out, sir."

In a minute Anne's voice came light, buoyant, natural.

"So you sneaked out on me this morning. Was that nice?"

"I thought you were asleep."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I was. I thought those girls never would leave last night. What a game!"

"Did you make your bid? That what you may call it, doubled?"

"Oh, that. No, they set us, the dogs. Down one. Well, how's the big outside world today?"

"So-so. I've asked a man to dinner tonight. Tell Perth to scare up a good one."

"What's his type? Roast beef or truffles?"

"Oh, I don't know. Anything. Just thought I'd better tell you in advance, though, to keep Perth in a good humor."

Anne groaned slightly. "I'll talk to her. And I hope this one won't be as deadly as that last one you brought. You know, Jimmy, every time one of your candidates gets elected you should display a banner, reading: 'Anne did her part.'"

Her father laughed. "I'll do that. Well, do your hostess stuff tonight. None can do it better. And dress up."

"For the man? Is he so important?"

"For me. I like to look at you."

"Flatterer. All right. I'll give him the works, and you, too."

Suddenly her voice dropped its banter. "Jimmy?"

"Yes?"

## Continuing

"Come home early if you can. I haven't seen you in a long time." She hung up abruptly.

Kirkland wiped his eyes, rang for Arno, and settled himself to work.

At two minutes to seven that evening Paul Devereux was deposited at the Kirkland home. He had never seen this section, and before he rang he stood on the pillared portico looking about him. Here on West Hill resided those who had made their wealth in the mills and factories and surrounding mines which gave the city its fame across the world, and then, like ungrateful sons, had retired as far as was practically possible from the industries which nourished them. Here were not only wide lawns, but wooded estates. Here, around the great houses of stone or many cupolated brown shingles, the smoke and smog became clear, perfume-laden air.

There was fine planting on the Kirkland lawns: the dozen white birches trembled with delicate new green; the flowering japonicas by the wall were all ablaze, and the dogwood budding white. The larger trees were pregnant with swelling buds and the grass an intensely living green.

Paul drew a long breath, partly from appreciation of the beauty, partly because of the nervous tension in his chest. The latter had been increasing all the way out from the city. If he had dared, he would have stopped the car at several points and, upon some pretext, sent the chauffeur on his way and would have gone back to his furnished room on the other side of the city. The note of a robin filled him with a strange, inner yearning as he rang the bell.

The door opened at once, and Hackett took his coat and hat.

"Mr. Kirkland is not down yet, sir," he said in a low voice, "but he told me to ask you to step along the hall to the lib-

# The Golden Journey

[from page 41]

rary at the back. Miss Anne is there, sir, and expects you. The last door, to the right."

There was no other way. He walked along towards the room indicated, the deep velvet carpet swallowing up his footfalls. There was, indeed, an oppressive silence all around. Why couldn't the butler fellow have come along and announced him? he thought. This business of bargaining in on the girl, alone, was intolerable. He

flaming logs. Alone, as she felt herself to be, there was no conventional mask upon her face; instead, an unutterable sadness lay open upon her features—a still, subdued anguish of soul far, far beyond her years.

She wore a yellow gown that matched in color the daffodils and forsythia on table and desk, and rendered at once more vivid and more incredible the blond gold of her hair. The deep neckline and tight bodice of the dress showed the lovely young curves of her body; the skirt fell billowing around the

He looked anxiously towards the stairs, but there was still no sign of Kirkland. It came over him then that his reception was premeditated. His host had wanted him to see the girl before she saw him. If so, the plan had fulfilled itself. He realised, though, that he could not stand silently here much longer; he must go to meet her, and he knew that now the duty accorded with his own desire. He spoke suddenly aloud as though to Hackett.

"This way? The room to the right? Thank you. I'll find it."

When he stood again in the doorway, the girl was sitting erect, her features set in a fixed smile, which changed to a look of surprise as he went forward.

"I'm Paul Devereux. I hope you're expecting me. Mr. Kirkland asked me to dinner and I was told to come on in here . . ."

"Of course, Mr. Devereux. We are expecting you." She reached her hand cordially. "It is only that you gave me a slight shock. You see, most of the guests my father brings home are his own contemporaries . . . or, at least, on the very middle-aged side."

Paul smiled. "I'm afraid I'm not hoary either in head or wisdom, but I'm glad he made an exception of me."

"So am I. Do sit down. I'll ring for Hackett and get him to call Father. He's probably taking a nap. He often does before dinner."

"Why disturb him, then?" He moved to the sofa near her chair and sat down. "When I'm awakened suddenly I'm apt to be horribly cross. If he should react like that he might change his mind and send me away."

They laughed together over the foolish words, and, as they did so, Paul was acutely aware of a certain radiant quality in her face. There was, as she laughed, a brightness like dawn itself in her eyes. This, he thought, is the way she must have looked all the time before the accident.

"It's delightful to see a wood

fire," he said aloud, somewhat at random. "So few people have them nowadays. I wonder why?"

"Because," Anne said promptly, "they think only of the warmth which they don't need with modern heating. They forget all the other things that go with an open fire. Cheerfulness, for instance, and companionship. Burning logs carry on quite a conversation!"

"Oh, can't they, though! Have you ever heard apple wood talking? It's the most loquacious of all. You really can't get a word in edgeways."

They smiled at each other in the sudden delight of matching minds, then looked up as Kirkland entered the room.

"Good evening, Devereux. I see you and Anne have made each other's acquaintance. I told Hackett to show you in here if I wasn't down."

When the men were seated Hackett appeared with a tray, and a pleasant relaxation fell upon them in spite of undercurrents.

"This young fellow thinks he'd like a political career, Anne," Kirkland said a little later. "You might give him your views on the subject."

Anne made a small moue.

"My sex inhibits my language, unfortunately. What I think of politics I can't say."

Paul looked at her in surprise. "Why, you do feel strongly about it. What's the matter with politics? Somebody has to run things."

"I know. That's the trouble. It's heady business. Men get drunk on it. Take Jimmy here. He was a nice, modest, sober businessman once, I'm told, with enough to do to run his coal-mines, but he had to get mixed up in politics. Now he'd like to run the universe!"

She looked roguishly at Paul and lowered her voice. "And, with just a little help from God, he probably could."

The men chuckled and Kirkland looked at her proudly.

"Now tell him the besides,

## IT CAME FROM THE BIBLE

● This week's award of £2/2/- for a Bible quotation has been won by Mr. Sydney H. Chance, C.T.A. Club, Elizabeth St., Brisbane.

HERE is his entry:

People who accept the inevitable without undue fuss, or who minimise their troubles, are often spoken of as "making light of it."

The expression is derived from the Book of Matthew, chapter 22, verse 5. Here Matthew, in the parable of the marriage of the king's son, says:

"But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his farm, another to his merchandise."

This series will conclude next week, when we will publish the final award-winning quotation.

hesitated and glanced behind him, but the butler had now disappeared.

What should he do when he reached the door, or, even before that, to inform the girl of his approach? It was infernally awkward. Kirkland had no right to leave him like this.

He tried to cough slightly, but his throat felt frozen, and no sound came. Still the silence. He went on until he stood at the doorway itself. Here, rooted, he remained.

Beside the fire sat a young woman, her head supported by her hand, as she leaned on the arm of her chair watching the

chair. Her face, though now half averted, seemed to Paul the most beautiful he had ever seen.

Suddenly she drew her breath in a sigh as of irremediable grief. And, as he heard it, Paul also seemed to hear again the note of the robin. Once more he felt the old, inner longing, but now it had become a yearning over the girl sitting so near to him, but unconscious of his presence or even of his being.

All his man's strength leaped within him in an urge to comfort her, protect her from her sorrow. Instinctively he moved back into the hall, startled by the force of his pity.

## Are you in the know?



### How should you greet your date?

- ☐ Dash out when he hanks ☐ Ask him into the house  
☐ Take your own sweet time

"One foot and ye're out!" (As the Scottish lecturer said—to the old lady with the ear trumpet.) Does the toot of your jolly send you scurrying out? That's unsmart. Ask him into the house for a word with the family. Then leave promptly on your merry way. Even on "difficult days," you'll be poised, comfortable. For Kotex gives softness that holds its shape—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.

### Which leaves you cooler —

- ☐ A hot bath ☐ A lukewarm bath  
☐ A cold shower

When the mercury shoots skyward, it's you for a lukewarm bath. Just-warm water leaves you cooler than hot or cold ablutions. There's no taboo on tubbing at "certain times," either, when bathing's not only beneficial but a must, if you'd be dainty. Change frequently to avoid offending — and that goes for sanitary belts and napkins, too. Remember, good grooming depends on little things — like how careful you are to wear a fresh Kotex belt.



More women throughout the world choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.



ONE DOZEN PACK

2/9  
EVERYWHERE



### Should the lady be seated —

- ☐ Opposite the other girl ☐ At her left  
☐ At her right

Everything could be terrific — if she could just be sure where to sit. But no need for panic, if you know that ladies should be seated opposite one another. (So etiquette decrees.) No need for panic on "problem days," either — not when you choose Kotex. For that special Kotex safety centre won't betray your confidence. And Kotex has flat pressed ends that won't show, won't give away your secret. You can sail through "those days" with perfect confidence — when you choose Kotex.

### Three guesses what girls forget most?

Forget to keep your mits well creamed . . . or weed out bristling brows? Not you! Fine. But how about remembering to buy a new sanitary belt. If

you keep putting it off till next time, maybe it's inspiration you need. Take a look at the five styles of Kotex belts when next you get Kotex.



## GARDENING



THESE MANY-HUED TULIPS were grown in Canberra, where they make a glorious display in spring. Tulips flower well and provide much color if grown indoors in pots. They need a cool climate and are not suitable for the N.S.W. coastline.

# GROWING BULBS INDOORS

Plant now for fragrance and color in spring



FIRM, MATURE BULBS only should be used for indoor pots. Plant bulbs in rich, sandy soil mixture, and cover them with at least two inches of soil. Use only clean pots.



MOISTEN soil well after planting. Make sure drainage is sound or the bulbs may rot. Before planting, cover hole in pot with crocks, then add charcoal or coarse gravel.



PLUNGE pots under moist peatmoss, then keep in room where temperatures do not go lower than 48 degrees. Freezing is dangerous to bulbs.

Daffodils, jonquils, hyacinths, and tulips are usually grown out of doors for garden color, but they can all be raised to perfection in pots or troughs in the house.

LACHENALIAS, snowflakes, crocuses, snowdrops, freesias, colchicums, chionodoxas, and many other bulbous flowers grow equally well indoors, but are rarely used, although it is difficult to understand this neglect.

The ingredients for success with narcissi (to use the term describing the family generally), as well as hyacinths and tulips, are clean pots of moderate depth, some good-quality loam, leafmould, sand, and a little bone dust.

Mix together four parts of loam, one part each of leafmould and sand (by weight for each ingredient), and about 1lb. of bone dust. Then cover the drainage holes in the pots with crocks and add about one inch of coarse gravel or lumpy charcoal for drainage.

Half fill a six-inch pot with the soil mixture, plant the bulbs (6 tulips or 4 hyacinths or 4 daffodils) on top, and then fill to within an inch of the pot rim and firm down. Moisten well.

Smaller pots will not carry so many bulbs.

The next procedure is one few Australians bother about when planting bulbs in pots, but it is highly necessary.

It consists of plunging the pots under a small heap of moist peatmoss, or, failing this, well-washed cinders, for a period of six to eight weeks.

This forces the roots to develop quickly and the pots may then be removed and placed either in a glasshouse, a cold-frame, or on a sunny casement window-sill or table in a room that receives at least six hours' sunlight every day.

In cool weather, the pots should be kept in a place where the temperature does not go lower than 48 degrees.

If very early blooms are desired, the bulbs can be forced to flower by keeping the pots in a temperature from 55 to 65 degrees.

Tulips, which do best in a cool climate, do not flower well on the N.S.W. coastline, so residents in this area are advised to choose other bulbs for indoor growing.



ALLOW six to eight weeks at least to force root growth. Time needed for different types of bulbs grown in pots varies by a week or two.



TEST a pot for root-growth before moving into the light. Most bulbs need temperature of at least 60 degrees before buds begin to take on color.

When you buy powdered milk

# Be sure it's Full Cream Milk



Be sure it's

# Sunshine

full cream powdered milk

If you're "quality minded"—and most certainly you are—then you'll consider buying no other powdered milk but SUNSHINE.

Because you're "quality minded," you want FULL CREAM milk—not a powder made from the residue after all the cream or butter fat has been skimmed from the milk. (By law, "skim milk" powder must be prominently labelled as "unfit for infants except under medical direction.")

SUNSHINE is rich, creamy dairy milk with nothing extracted except the water. The fresh dairy milk that comes to your door is no more healthful and nutritious than SUNSHINE. So, with every confidence, you can use SUNSHINE for all your milk needs, even if you have a young, growing family.

First and foremost, then, you'll insist on SUNSHINE because it's top quality FULL CREAM milk.

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Thirdly, because SUNSHINE is homogenised: this special Nestlé's process makes SUNSHINE more digestible than ordinary milk... and ensures that every drop of SUNSHINE is equally rich in cream.



It's FULL CREAM  
It's PASTEURISED  
It's HOMOGENISED

BACKED BY THE FAMOUS NESTLÉ'S NAME

SR/3-55

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## JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH Colgate Dental Cream

**CLEANS  
YOUR  
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**WHILE IT  
CLEANS  
YOUR  
TEETH**



### and stops tooth decay BEST!

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MO60

## CUTEX Stay Fast clings to your lips



It's big beauty news—Cutex "Stayfast" Lipstick, the creamy-smooth lipstick that clings to your lips hours longer. Just apply Cutex "Stayfast", blot gently with a tissue and vivid colour clings even while eating, smoking, kissing! In a range of stunning colours to match up with your shimmering, long-wearing Cutex Nail Polish!

**Cutex "Stayfast" Lipstick, 4/6**

**Cutex Nail Polish, 2/11 regular**

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Anne. That's when you always get the truth from a woman, Devereux."

"Well," the girl said, "besides, then, I get tired entertaining the kind of politicians he brings home—the kind I supposed you were," she nodded to Paul. "Then, if it were only the mines he had on his mind, he could retire now and have some fun instead of wearing himself out over who gets which office. It makes me very mad," she added. "So senseless!"

Paul threw back his head and laughed with relief.

"I'll remember that besides. It's very illuminating. But we'll have to convince her yet, Mr. Kirkland, of the value of politics, won't we?"

Hackett announced dinner and there was a second of embarrassment as a quick shadow fell upon Anne's face. Kirkland started over towards her, but Paul, as he stood now, caught sight of the narrow bar on the back of the girl's chair, and with a few steps was there before him, grasping it.

"Please let me," he said, beginning to move her gently. "This makes me think I'm a boy again. I knew a little girl back home who had a small red sleigh with a handbar like this. I used to be proud as Punch when she'd let me push her."

Anne turned her head quickly and looked up at him. There was a mist in her eyes.

"You're sweet," she whispered, huskily.

As they traversed the long hall she made a brief explanation.

"I have a wheel-chair, of course, for daytime, but this type which Father had made for me does seem a little more dress-up for evenings."

When they reached the dining-room doorway, Paul gave an involuntary exclamation of pleasure. Anne looked up quickly.

"You like it?"

"It's the loveliest room I've ever seen!" he answered with feeling.

"I'm glad you said that. You know, we rather judge people by their reaction to it. Now, we can tell him all the story, can't we, Jimmy?"

Kirkland nodded, though, Paul thought, with some slight reluctance.

"It was like this," Anne went on eagerly as they took their places at table. "My mother held very definite views about a dining-room. She believed the Arabs were right about the sacredness of breaking bread together, and she felt that it is at mealtime that a family is always united and, perhaps as children grow older, the only time they are. So, she always said that the dining-room was the heart of the home and should be the most beautiful room in it."

Paul's eyes moved to the chandelier above the gleaming table. Its crystals fell like a shower of iridescent raindrops. Anne's glance followed him.

"That was made to order in a little town in Czechoslovakia. It came over in tiny pieces, each wrapped in cotton and tissue paper. I can remember the thrill of seeing it assembled. The oak panelling came from England, and the carving above it with the little animals was done in Switzerland, according to Mother's own sketches. The mantel motto was done by the same people."

"I've been looking at that," Paul said, "but my Latin is pretty rusty, I'm afraid, except for legal terms."

"It's Benedictus benedictus, an old form of grace before a meal. I've always liked it. 'May the Blessed One bless,'" she translated in a low voice with a faint catch in it.

And yet, Paul was thinking, she seems free from bitterness. How can she accept this fate? How can she be gay and conversational and natural in the face of the cruel sentence of yesterday? If he had not heard that heartbreaking sigh earlier

Continuing . . .

when she felt she was quite alone, he would not have realised the effort behind her light words. A brave girl. Yes, a fine, beautiful, brave girl!

It became a gay meal, as far as Paul and Anne were concerned. It was as though they had both buried for the time being the disturbing secrets of their hearts and were rejoicing in the bright, transitory surface play of youth.

They laughed a great deal, too, trying always to draw Kirkland into the circle of their mirth.

He, watching keenly under his heavy, greying brows, eating little because of his taut nerves, forced a smile now and then, but that was all. To himself, however, he kept repeating over and over: "They're getting on together. They're really getting on."

When the leisurely dinner was finished, Paul again took quick possession of her chair, and the trip back to the library was made to seem almost natural by their light chatter.

When coffee was finished Kirkland was called to the telephone. There was a decidedly obvious quality in the arrangement that followed, but Paul heard his words with no sense of panic.

"I find I have to spend a little time in the study," Kirkland announced nervously. "It's unfortunate just this evening, but some things have come up. Would you mind dropping in on me there later, Devereux? Just across the hall. No hurry, of course, but I would like to discuss a few matters with you. Maybe you young folks can find something to talk about, meanwhile."

"I wouldn't be surprised," Paul answered, smiling, and then he and Anne were once more alone.

He put a fresh log on the fire, stirred it to a new blaze, then, having lighted her cigarette and his own, dropped to the hearth-rug.

"Do you mind if I sit here?" he asked. "I always used to sit here. With the cat."

"The cat?" Anne echoed in surprise.

"Oh, yes, we always had one. Haven't you?"

Anne shook her head. "Never. I don't believe the thought of one ever entered anyone's head, here."

"But wouldn't you like one? It would be a great pet for you. Sit on your knee while you read and . . ."

"On my knee?" The slight catch in her voice smote his heart, but he went on lightly.

"Absolutely. You'd have to push it off when you tired of it. They like to be close to people. I'll tell you! Couldn't I send you a kitten? Instead of flowers, for instance," he asked, laughing.

## The Golden Journey

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She was looking at him with a peculiar intensity.

"You are the strangest young man I've ever met," she said gently. "But I love your choice of a gift. I know it would give me a lot of pleasure."

"Good! I'll start hunting right away, for this must be a very superior feline. It may take a little time, though."

"I'll be looking forward to it and I'll name it for you. Let's see . . . oh, I know! Devvie, short for Devereux! How's that?"

"Fine, for if he gets to be a nuisance it could stand for Devil, too."

They laughed again, as it was easy for them to do, then slowly drifted into reminiscences of their childhood—always a dangerous theme if the conversation is to remain impersonal. In swift flashes now they saw into each other's heart.

"My parents are both gone. My father was quite an old bachelor when he married, and my mother wasn't young herself when I was born. We lived on a farm, but it wasn't a hard-scrabble kind. We were pretty comfortable as country life goes. The fellows from college were always begging to come along home for vacations. I love the old place and I still own it, though it's probably not good business to keep it . . ."

She told him of her little girlhood and of her mother, bringing forth small memories to lay before him, at first hesitantly, then with assurance as she looked into the warmth of his eyes. The past of each lost its blankness for the other and became clear and living between them. They reviewed college days and the congeniality of certain courses. He told her of his present work in the law firm of Hartwell and Harvey, drawing an amusing but affectionate portrait of old Harrison Hartwell, the senior member.

"You would like Gran," she said impulsively. "And when she knows you are actually fond of poetry she'll give you the accolade! That is her absolute diet. She's eighty, but she's wonderful. You really must meet her soon . . ."

Her quick, eager voice suddenly dropped and a look of embarrassment came over her face. He divined the reason, spoke naturally in reply, and then went on talking to cover the small painful break. As he did so his heart felt again the sharp stab of pity which had struck him as he heard from the doorway her unconscious sigh.

In addition to this he was increasingly conscious of her beauty and of a certain rare sweetness of spirit. Just as he also realised that their minds met with an immediacy he had

not before experienced with any other girl.

"Oh, yes," he heard himself saying in answer to a question, "I have plenty of faults, heaven knows! All the evil passions man is heir to, I guess. Of course, I try to keep them caged, but I hear them growling sometimes."

"And ambition is one, isn't it? I mean the kind that never lets you rest, that is driving you headlong into politics, for instance?"

"You call that a fault?" His tone was quick and surprised.

"If it's too intense," she answered. "I've watched Jimmy. She stopped and looked into the fire for a moment, then went on, slowly: "If a man is ambitious in order to accomplish some great good he can't very well make a mistake. But if he only wants to play the big game in order to have his own way in moving the pawns . . . well, I'm not so sure."

He sat quiet, watching her, considering how he might be honest with her and yet stand up for his own longing for power. The light that illuminated her face when she laughed brightened now.

"That wasn't very polite of me. You did right not to answer. Maybe, as Gran says, all women are unconsciously a little jealous of men. They, the women, you know, are rather left behind when the men make their golden journeys to Samarkand."

"I'm afraid I don't recognise the allusion. Stupid of me."

"Oh, no! It's from a poem—a play, rather—that isn't too familiar. It's Gran who often quotes from it. I think Samarkand stands for the masculine goal—the big quest, you know—that the strong men, the ambitious ones, are always setting out upon."

She made a light gesture. "Well, anyhow, good luck for the journey."

He rose to his feet. "Thank you. I'll not forget that. I know it must be getting late and I've promised to stop in your father's study. I've had a wonderful evening, Miss Kirkland—Anne. May I call again?"

For a second it was as though a stone had been hurled into a smooth and silent pool. The room seemed a tremor with vibrations. When Anne replied, however, her voice was controlled and natural.

"Of course," she said. "Father will be glad to have you. It was too bad he was busy tonight."

He looked at her steadily.

"When would you be free?" She glanced down at her hands and her lips were unsteady.

"Father may have told you that I am of necessity free most of the time now."

"He did tell me," he answered. "What night would be convenient for me to come?"

Slowly the color rose in her throat, her cheeks, until her face was suffused with it.

"Two weeks from tonight, perhaps?"

"Fine! I'll be here around eight-thirty if that isn't too early. Well, goodnight, and thanks again for a delightful evening! Oh, and if a box should be delivered to you meanwhile, open it carefully. It won't be violets, you know!"

They parted on a laughing note.

He went out quickly, and as he had done earlier, stood still in the long, quiet hall. This time, also, his heart was beating hard from inner tension. In a few moments he must seek Kirkland, and, although he knew he would not be pressed for an immediate answer, the eyes of the older man would pierce him to the marrow with their desperate urgency.

Why should he hesitate?

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### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM





Why should he stop to analyse the situation further or to demand the future to stand still and deliver upon every point? Why should he probe into or dissect his own emotions? Why not accept this opportunity which fate had so strangely presented to him?

There was in him, as in Kirkland, a strong predilection for prompt decisions. His mind grasped facts quickly, organised them logically, and then formed judgement without delay. So now, with a swift feeling of certitude, he walked towards the study and tapped lightly on the door.

Kirkland opened it and then closed it at once and, as Paul had suspected, looked at him in haggard questioning.

"Well?" he said, as though the monosyllable had been forced out of him against his will.

"Mr. Kirkland," Paul said, "since meeting your daughter I have completely changed my mind in regard to the matter you discussed with me. I shall do all in my power to make her willing to marry me."

The older man stared, half incredulously, and then sank down upon a chair.

"Thank God!" he said brokenly. "I had thought that as you came to know her you might reconsider and accept my plan, but I had not dared to hope for a favorable decision at once. My boy—"

He paused and wiped his eyes.

"I can only promise that I will dedicate myself from this point on to advancing you in every way possible. I'm not sure I can talk any more to-night. I'm a little shaken. You must excuse me. But, shall we say lunch again tomorrow? No, I forgot; I have to be out of town. A week from today, then?"

Paul assented.

"We must start at once to make plans. There are men I want you to meet soon."

Paul rose. "I think I had better be going now. It's much later than I thought. Thank you for everything."

"I'll call the car."

"No; please don't. I would really rather walk for a while.

Continuing . . .

I can pick up a cab when I get tired."

"As you wish," Kirkland grasped the young man's hand and wrung it hard. They exchanged goodnights and Paul stepped out again into the cool spring darkness, his thoughts in a turmoil.

Arno shared one habit with his chief. He woke early and lay for a time sorting out conflicting plans and tangle problems before he rose to begin the active day. On this morning, a week following Paul's dinner at the Kirkland home, he watched the sun gain the height of the brick chimneys upon which his bedroom window faced, and considered — of all things — himself.

Without knowing why, he suddenly opened to the full contemplation of his mind an inner chamber he usually kept closed, fearing that even the conscious admission of certain facts would lessen the profoundness of their secrecy.

He was in reality two men, and the great complication of his life was that part of each must remain a mystery to the other. At least for the present.

When Kirkland had discovered him, a sharp-eyed youth of eighteen, he had then been a whole personality. He had lived with his family, eldest of eight, in three small rooms behind his father's fruit shop on Water Street, and he had known life in that section of the city so completely that the thoroughness of his proficiency had lent him a faint swagger as he walked the dirty pavements.

But, once under Kirkland's wing, strange new horizons had opened. Incredibly perceptive, gifted to a remarkable degree with the imitative faculty, and suddenly and fiercely ambitious for a way of life before undreamed of, he had studied not only the details of the tasks assigned him, but the man who set them. In two years' time he had mastered the outward technique of a gentleman's behaviour; this a much more difficult

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accomplishment than the work at night school which he had doggedly pursued and conquered. Besides all this, and even more important, he had learned to know his employer himself.

He knew his strength, he knew his weaknesses, he knew the relentless drive of his power; he knew those delicate and illogical nuances of business and political ethics which guided his actions; just what

deed, to which he had been born. There were other men who had served Kirkland before as a link between that world and his own, but, with an unerring instinct, he had guessed that Arno would be able to carry this liaison to a smooth and safe perfection.

This had been accomplished. Now it was only necessary for Kirkland to say with a casual lift of the eyebrow, "How about Micky Orlando?"

"He's fixed, Chief. I saw him last night."

"And Camponelli?"



he himself would do to achieve an end, just what he would delegate to a subordinate to accomplish while he, the master planner, looked the other way.

The coal business had from the first held only a superficial interest for Arno. Besides, it was thoroughly organised before he came upon the scene. What captured his imagination from the start was the great game of politics in which Kirkland at that time was just emerging as a State leader.

There came a day later on when Kirkland called him into his office and set before him certain facts which faced the men who were running for office under his auspices. These facts had to do with a world Arno knew well—the one, in-

office, one spring afternoon, laughing and golden and lovely, and Arno had stood dumb before her.

"Isn't Mr. Kirkland in?" she had asked him. "I'm his daughter, and you must be Arno, aren't you? Father often speaks of you."

All his hard-acquired poise deserted him. He became again young Arno Malotti, of Water Street, as he stumbled over his words in reply.

And even after her father had come in and the two had gone out together, Arno could not work. His soul had drunk fire. He had been once to the Kirkland house on a winter night when Anne was home from college at the holidays. He and the Chief had been to a meeting. When it was over, the hour was very late and they were both tired to the point of exhaustion.

"Come on up to the house, Arno, and we'll dig up something to eat," Kirkland had said with an impulsiveness rare to him.

When they entered the front door, Anne, in a red dress, had come running down the stairs, her bright hair curling to her shoulders, her eyes like stars. She had made them coffee and sandwiches, and had sat leaning upon the table, chin in hands, talking eagerly as they ate.

Arno had been vaguely sensible of the beauty of the great house, but he had carried away in his mind one picture so vivid that it had power to stir him if his thoughts merely glanced upon it. He was no dreamer, Arno. He was a hardheaded and sharply practical dealer with life as he knew it. He hugged no illusions to his breast. He knew that between him and the Chief's daughter an uncrossable gulf was fixed. This in spite of the fact that he knew also that he possessed an attraction to certain women.

He had discovered this long ago on Water Street. Even now—well, there was Savies in the office. Ten years older, she must be, and with as much sex appeal as a burnt match, and yet her fool hands went shaky when he got close to her. He'd seen it. He knew.

But all this did not alter his own status with relation to those facts which he rarely allowed his heart to face. His was a strange, strong, set nature with which he never broke faith, but, as he was fond of remarking, he always knew the score.

The reason on this morning that he was considering himself as he was doing, he suddenly admitted, was the confession the Chief had briefly made that day last week. Anne's case was hopeless. She would never walk again. So the normal fulfilment of her life would not take place. The big wedding in one of the biggest churches, the newspapers running pictures and write-ups and featuring everything like mad from the engagement on—all this which he had steeled himself to face when it came would never happen.

Arno lay, a slow, hot flush rising to his cheeks. No man—not even a low dog of a fortune hunter—would want to marry her now. Not likely. Anne's world, then, in a few short months, had changed utterly. And, by this strange circumstance, so had his.

Kirkland had set one o'clock again for lunch, but this time the place was different. Paul had met him in the office and they had gone out at once to the street. Kirkland hailed a taxi.

"I'm going to take you to a spot that's hard to get into," he said, smiling. "It's really just a small restaurant which a group of men have taken over. Men who, for one reason or another, are interested in making things tick. I want you to meet most of them as fast as it's decently possible. Our political opponents in these parts call it the D.C.—Dictators' Club," he added, grinning.

"It's not all politics here," Kirkland was saying after they ordered. "It's business, too, and finance. Some of that can go a long way. But now," his tone growing more incisive, "let's get down to you. As I see it, we can either try to put you on the State ticket, or I can run you

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Continuing . . . . .

for State Senator from our district. I have a hunch the latter may be more to your liking. Tell me about the speechmaking. You're good, you know. I heard you once. How did you arrive at it?"

Paul smiled. "I suppose it's really a long story. My mother studied elocution when she was a girl. She gave readings all her life at local affairs. She was really good, I think, looking back on it. When I came along she taught me recitations when I was knee-high."

He stopped, laughing. "I believe I could stand up this minute and say 'Horatius at the Bridge' if there was a demand for it! So I've always been used to spouting, as my father called it. In college I went in for debating, of course, and the plays, so—that's how it is."

"You like to speak, then?"

"Yes, I do. You see"—he leaned forward—"there's a tremendous thrill in really getting your audience. Feeling them come out to you, and then holding them in the palm of your hand. It's queer, it's like a physical and mental transference. Well, since between us there are no punches pulled, I'll admit I not only like to speak, I love it. I've wished sometimes I'd taken a try at the stage instead of law. That must seem to you quite a confession."

"Um-hm." Kirkland was studying him intently and there was the light of discovery in his eyes.

"That settles it," he said. "The idea, then, as I see it, is for you to speak at every possible opportunity. Get yourself known round the city and outside if you can. Get yourself talked about. No matter where you're invited to make a speech, go, even if it's the annual meeting of the Mothers' Sewing Society. And every time you open your mouth let the eagle scream a little. You know—our great heritage, our flag, our Constitution—America the Beautiful. I'll see to it you meet the right men round here and get some bigger engagements, and you can do the cracker-barrel stuff yourself, can't you?"

"Cracker barrel?"

"Rural, small town; all that." "Oh, yes," Paul said. "That comes easy to me."

Kirkland smiled a strange, satisfied smile as he picked up the bill.

"I never have been given to early predictions, not in this game, but I think, Paul, you may be a natural for it."

It was the first time he had used the Christian name, and something in the way he said it sent a warm glow over Paul. That and the prediction itself, coupled with the method of the initial attack. Nothing could be more congenial to him. And to aim at once for State Senator! He felt hot with excitement.

Of course, he would still have a private talk with Kirkland when they got back to his office and tell him—tell him what? That now just when the political wheels were being set in motion he was unsure about the other part of the bargain? Unsure about—Anne?

It was absurd, he knew in a moment, even to think of retracting. He had given his word. Come good, come ill, he must stand upon it.

Kirkland had risen and was piloting him towards the back of the room. He stopped beside a table.

"Hello, Brennan," he said to a heavy-set man with a grey moustache. "Glad we ran into you. I want to introduce a young protégé of mine, Paul Devereux. Paul, this is our County Chairman."

The two shook hands and exchanged greetings, the older man eyeing him keenly; but this was all, and Paul followed

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again as Kirkland moved on. He was stopped by a dark, handsome man in his sixties who called out from a table at which, curiously, he sat alone.

"Hey, Kirk, why don't you sit down? Haven't seen you in weeks. What have you been up to?"

He pushed some papers aside and signed to them to sit.

"How are you, Jack? Want to introduce Paul Devereux, Mr. Bovard?"

The latter shook hands pleasantly, but did not give him Brennan's close scrutiny. He turned back to Kirkland.

"How are things with you? Pretty quiet?"

"We're running all right. If we could just get rid of a few competitors."

Bovard laughed easily.

"Don't be a hog. You can't own all the coal in the State. Say"—he lowered his voice—"I get a tip that Old Bill is getting the wind up again. Nothing due before fall, but I'm afraid we'll be in for it, then. I want another strike about the way I want to go to bed with a rattlesnake. Can't you get at him, anyway, Kirk?"

Kirkland squinted across the table, but did not answer the question. Instead he said, "This young fellow here is quite a speaker. If you ever hear of any organisation that wants one"

"Speaker!" Bovard interrupted. "Say, you're sent from heaven! Here I've been racking my brain the whole lunch-time and all I could dig up was a preacher or two whom I don't want, the President of the Elks, who's seventy, and old Judge Whipple, who's always too long-winded. I want someone young and peppy. Look, I'll tell you what I need and then you can tell me how you feel. Here's the layout."

He leaned nearer. "You know my boy Johnny is in the business with me now and he's full of ideas; lots of them crazy. I have to sit on him. But he's come up with this one I think may be worth something. He says why not give a big picnic Memorial Day for the whole works out at Redstone. Make it big stuff. Roast an ox, let the beer run, have races and a ball game like the big shindigs of the old days. But he says we ought to have a speech, too."

Bovard studied Paul now with interest. "Tell you what we want. A little flag-waving, of course, then country of opportunity and all that. Their children's chance to go as far as they want. Then, just smooched in, something about the brotherhood of man and the employer's good will to his employees and how all must work together for the common good. Get the idea? You see, an employer can't talk to his own men without danger of getting into trouble, but somebody else can. See? Well, how about it, young man? Is he really good, Kirk?"

"He is," Kirkland pronounced solemnly. "What do you say, Paul?"

"I would like to try this, Mr. Bovard. If you wish I'll make out a sort of outline for you. I'll hunt up some jokes they can understand, too. Yes, I'll be glad to do it."

"This is luck! I'll get Johnny at you, Devereux. He's the ringleader of this. Where could he get in touch with you?"

"I'm with Hartwell and Harvey. He can reach me there any day."

"Good enough. And thanks, meantime. Give old Hartwell my regards. Great old guy, that. If you're in his office I guess you're all right. Well, bring me luck again, Kirk"—as they all got up—"and don't

undersell me behind my back, you hog!"

Once in a cab again, Kirkland smiled. "Jack Bovard and I have been friends for years, even though it's often been dog-eat-dog between us. Somehow you can't get mad at Jack. Well, you've got your first chance, and a good one it is. They've all got votes, those hunkies, and they won't forget you. By the way, how is all this going to affect your law practice? You'd better tell your firm soon about your plans."

"I will," Paul said soberly. "I'll do it today."

"I'll be no help to you there," Kirkland said brusquely. "Old Hartwell doesn't like me, since I'm a 'devious and unscrupulous' politician. His words." He gave a short laugh. "I'd advise you to play me down, though the—ah—connection will come out some day. We hope."

He paused and then looked straight ahead. "Your decision was very suddenly made last week. As of today, do you wish to reconsider?" His lips looked thin and almost pale as he brought out the words.

Paul was amazed at his own response. It came strongly and with no hesitation, as though another man were speaking.

"My decision stands," he said.

"Thank God," Kirkland muttered. "Let me out here and take the cab on to your office." He gave the driver a bill and waved stiffly to Paul as the taxi sprang forward.

When he reached his own small office Paul gave way to an overmastering impulse. He found a number, dialled, and then waited, his heart beating faster. A woman answered.

"This is Paul Devereux. May I speak to Miss Kirkland?"

In a moment he heard her voice with its peculiar, warm vibrancy. "Hello."

"Hello. This is Paul. How are you?"

"Just fine! I've been thinking all morning about the kitchen. Do you really suppose you can find one?"

"Sure of it. I've been pretty busy this week, but I'll look today. When I do find one, though, I've been wondering"

"Yes?" As she said it, the syllable was sweetly provocative.

"I really think I should bring it up myself, don't you?"

She laughed then, and the sound went into all the corners of his heart. She did not answer.

"I would be a little uneasy to let a messenger boy take it. Besides I may need to consult with you about types of kittens. Colors, and so on. In fact, the more I think of it, it seems quite essential. Could I drop in just for a few minutes? Tonight? I'd feel safer about making the choice, then."

"What a persistent young man you are!"

"One has to be in the law. It's all right, then? Tonight?"

"Of course we shouldn't make a mistake about the kitchen," she said slowly.

"But definitely not. Thanks so much. I'll report soon."

He plunged into the work before him, trying fiercely to concentrate. At four he pushed back the papers, rose, and pulled himself together, then went slowly towards the office of the senior partner. Never before had he gone towards Hartwell reluctantly. In fact, he had been wont to make excuses for visits, so greatly did he like the old man and respect him. Now

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he went forward soberly in response to his "come in."

"Ah, Paul!" Hartwell smiled with pleasure and adjusted the eyeglasses on their black ribbon which somehow gave the effect of a monocle. His eyes were startlingly blue and bright for his years; his nose was large, and below it he wore a somewhat ragged grey moustache.

"Yes, my boy, what's the problem?"

Paul's face grew more grave. "I'm afraid it's me this time. I have come to a decision and it affects my position here. I want to talk it over with you."

"Go ahead."

"I have always been interested in politics."

"Ah! Not unusual in a young lawyer. Rather like whooping cough. Get it early. Have it behind you."

"The point is I've decided to try for a political career." It was harder than he had expected to say this.

"Just how do you expect to go about it?" Hartwell asked dryly.

"Well, I'm going to start by making speeches everywhere I can. I have a little flair for that. By doing this I will become known to a good many people in different walks of life."

"I will." His voice trailed off.

"Ah-huh. Speeches. Well, they're certainly part of a politician's stock-in-trade. I'll advise you to read all of Winston Churchill's. Might as well study from a master when you're at it. Ever meet a man named Kirkland? If you haven't run into him, you will."

"I've met him."

"Oh ho! Don't tell me he's backing you?"

"In a sense—well, yes, that is true."

Hartwell pulled at his moustache until the ends frayed his chin.

"I don't like that, Paul. I don't trust Kirkland. He's a devious, unscrupulous politician. I've told him that to his face."

Paul tried not to smile.

"How did he ever discover you?"

"He heard me speak once."

"Well, my boy, my advice is to have no hook-up with him. If you do, you'll get the worst of it. I've known him for years. Used to be a client of ours for his coal business. We ran into something with him once that was distinctly odorous. We dropped him. Now, if you want to go into politics, go ahead. We need good men more now than ever. Things are in a bad way. Of course they always are. But fight your own battles. Be honest. Keep out of Kirkland's machine. Build up one of your own. Well?"

Paul did not answer.

"I take it you are not going to accept my advice?"

"I'm afraid I can't, sir."

"So?" His eyes were on the ceiling. He sat as though considering all sides of the problem.

"What about that man's daughter?" he asked suddenly.

"Was in an accident, wasn't she? I seem to remember the papers..."

"Yes, that is so."

"Recover?"

"No, sir."

"What do you mean? Did she die?"

"No. She's very well, except that... she cannot walk."

Suddenly the bright blue eyes pierced Paul through and through.

"You have not told me all the story of your relations with Kirkland?"

Paul swallowed hard.

"No, sir, not entirely."

"You can't tell me more, I take it?"

"I'm sorry, sir."

There was a long pause.

"Naturally, I will say nothing to anybody. I suppose this speculating of yours will be largely done at night?"

"I fancy so. I thought I could do my preparations then, too."

"What office are you heading for? Confidentially, that is."

"State Senator."

Continuing . . . . .

"Starting high, at that! Well, my boy, I'll talk to Harvey, but as I see it this will be our position. We like you; we need a young man here. You've done excellent work. We want to keep you. Go ahead and, as long as you can still do a fair amount of business for us, we'll make no change. Even if you get to be a senator, eventually, they only sit in session three months of the year, I believe."

"That is correct."

"You would still need to practise. A senator's salary is pretty small. So, let's go ahead together and see how it works out. One thing, though—once again the blue eyes pierced through Paul—"as long as you do an honest job in your politics we'll do everything we can to co-operate. If you ever descend to Kirkland's tactics,



"Careful, sir . . . very hot soup!"

we'll break at once. Is that clear?"

"Not only clear, but completely satisfactory. And thank you, Mr. Hartwell, very much indeed for your kindness to me."

Paul put his desk to rights and left the office at five. He had the feeling of a small craft being borne on by a mighty current.

He called at several pet shops, making humorous notes on an envelope as to pedigree, colors, size, age, and disposition of various small felines, then went on out to his rooming house on the other side of the river.

It was a solid brick house on a quiet street. He had found the place through Mr. Hartwell, who knew the owner. Mrs. MacLeod, was elderly, Scotch, and quite alone. She wanted someone else in the house, especially at night, so gladly gave Paul a bedroom and sitting-room on the second floor. He enjoyed their brief encounters and felt himself fortunate, for, in addition to his general comfort, he found buttons replaced and socks neatly darned.

In his room now he went to the bookshelves and picked out an anthology. The Meredith poem under his eyes carried him away as it always had done with its feeling and its sheer music. "From 'Love in the Valley,'" the title read. Would he dare take it along tonight and show it to Anne? Why not?

He dressed with greater care than last week, and, after calling to Mrs. MacLeod that he wouldn't be too late, he went out into the March evening.

"Miss Anne is expecting you," Hackett said, smiling. "She's in her own sitting-room. I'll show you up."

The room Paul entered was large and full of light. In the wide bay window at the back Anne was seated on a sofa, with a chair opposite and a low coffee table between. The windows were open a little and the unseasonably warm air blew in with fresh sweetness. He went towards her eagerly and took her hand.

"Hello," she said, smiling.

"You were good to let me come tonight, and I'm laden with statistics."

"He's playful as the dickens and has a nice, pert little personality. Now, I don't want to over-influence you if you'd rather have the Persian, for instance. I don't care so much

## The Golden Journey

from page 46

With only a glance at the big chair he sat down beside her on the sofa.

"I know you want to hear about the kittens. It's amazing what a demand there is for them. Now, here's what I found this afternoon."

He produced his notations and read them carefully, as Anne listened and laughed at the wording. They both agreed after some debate upon a very young tiger-striped animal which had especially taken Paul's fancy.

"He's playful as the dickens and has a nice, pert little personality. Now, I don't want to over-influence you if you'd rather have the Persian, for instance. I don't care so much

There was a hint of bitterness in his voice.

"As I look back now, I think her wonderful gifts were wasted."

"Oh, not when she had you!" Anne said quickly.

And then they were looking deep into each other's eyes while a hammer pounded in his pulse.

It was only by the strongest effort of control that he kept from taking her in his arms.

She recovered first.

"But you are going to use that inheritance in another way. Father says as a speaker you are a natural, and I can understand that now."

"Your father told you, then?"

"Yes, tonight at dinner. I knew when he had you up last week that he had some plan for you. That's the way he always works. But I never dreamed you were headed for anything so soon. But that's also Father's method. And if he sets out to make you a senator, you can pretty well count on it. I'm awfully pleased. I'll follow your campaign and cheer you on to victory."

"You had just better. I'll need advice on my speeches, too. How to wangle the woman's vote, you know. But, as to your father, he does move like lightning, doesn't he? I'll always be running to catch up, I'm afraid."

"Have you met Arno? In the office?"

"Just barely."

"What do you think of him?"

"He looks like a thug till he smiles. Then he's really rather attractive. Why?"

"Oh, I don't know. I've never liked him, somehow. It bothers me to have Father depend on him so much. As you get to know him better, keep an eye on him and tell me what you think. There's never been anyone before I could confess this to."

When he rose to go at last, he bent down a little and took both her hands in his.

"Thank you again for a wonderful evening. You know, I've just discovered something. I believe I've been abysmally lonely."

"Oh, that's dreadful," Anne cried. "Haven't you met any young people? Why, I'll do something about that! I'll see you get to know some girls and..."

"Do me a big favor?" he asked, smiling.

"Why... why, of course."

There was a set look upon her face.

"Then let me pick my own friends, most especially girls," he said.

The set look vanished and she was all alight as they laughed together. Never, he thought, in all his life had he so madly wanted to kiss a girl as he now desired to. Instead, he pressed her hands close in his own and took his leave.

Back in his own room, Paul slowly prepared for bed and then, in dressing-gown and slippers, sat smoking and thinking his own thoughts on into the night. His imagination had never been livelier. As the hours passed he found himself picturing in detail the life he and Anne might lead if they were married.

He would dedicate himself to making her happy, to making up to her for what she must miss of normal pleasure. He was smiling to himself as he finally put out the light.

It was not until he was sinking to sleep that a thought struck him with such shocking impact that he sat bolt upright, his hands clenched upon the covers. Why, he gritted between his teeth, had he been such a blind fool that this had not been plain to him before?

In all his dreaming he had been seeing Anne, even as his

wife, against her present background, her incapacity ameliorated at least by the wealth and luxurious comfort which surrounded her. Where in this picture did he fit?

If Anne were normally active and well, he could support her in at least the type of modest comfort in which countless young couples started their marriage careers. He was doing well in the law office, as such things went, his prospects were excellent for the future, and he had besides a few investments and the old farm which he had inherited.

He had enough to ask a girl to marry him—that is, any girl except Anne.

It was her tragic situation which changed it all. For she needed—indeed, had to have—the care now bestowed upon her by "Davy" and a staff of trained servants. Even cutting it to the bone, she needed Davy and at least one domestic. This would be impossible for him to provide on his present salary.

He heard Mrs. MacLeod's old clock in the lower hall

strike and strike again before he began with a sort of still, logical desperation to array the facts in two opposing mental columns. On the one side he saw with bitter clarity all the mitigating advantages which the Kirkland wealth could bestow. But, slowly, doggedly, he saw the other column mount also.

All that he had a few hours ago been planning for the joyous fulfilment of Anne's life with him found its place here. And, as he contemplated it, he knew that if the marriage took place only his pride might suffer, but not his integrity. For if she should come to love him as he now loved her, he would be bringing to her, as she would to him, gifts immeasurable. Did the rest matter?

He finally rolled back into bed, weary and shaken, but with the last doubt purged from his heart. When the time came for it he felt he could honestly ask Anne to marry him.

To be continued

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# HELP YOURSELF

By LEILA C. HOWARD,  
Our Food and Cookery Expert

• **Pre-cooked savory dishes, planned for self-service, help take the work out of weekend meals.**

**MAKE** the most of your leisure time by planning your weekend menus from these appetising hot and cold dishes, which reduce kitchen time to a minimum.

Organise the family to help in a cooking session on Saturday morning so that you, too, can relax the rest of the weekend.

The dishes below can be prepared at any time, and reheated if required.

Salad ingredients and meats could be prepared, too, but the assembling of the salad platter should be left to the last minute.

All spoon measurements in these recipes are level.

## CHICKEN SQUARES WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

Two to 2½ cups diced cooked chicken, ½ cup cooked rice, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons diced celery, 2 tablespoons diced red pepper, 2 eggs, 1 cup chicken stock, salt to taste.

**Mushroom Sauce:** One small tin concentrated mushroom soup, 3 or 4 tablespoons evaporated milk.

Mix chicken with rice, breadcrumbs, celery, and red pepper. Stir in beaten eggs and chicken stock, season to taste with salt. Turn into greased slab-tin or 9 in. square tin and bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Cut into squares, serve hot with mushroom sauce and a garnish of parsley or thin strips of red pepper.

**Mushroom Sauce:** Combine soup and evaporated milk, stir over heat until thoroughly hot.

## CHICKEN AND HAM PLATTER

Use a divided savory platter, as illustrated at right, or use a large meat dish or arrange the food for self-service on a tray covered with greaseproof paper. Prepare the platter as close to serving-time as possible, but salad ingredients may be prepared ahead and kept crisp in the refrigerator.

The following items are included in the platter illustrated:—

1. Joints of steamed or baked chicken.
2. Sliced ham.
3. Lettuce leaves, with mayonnaise spooned into them.
4. Sliced cucumber and white onion rings.
5. Pickled onions.
6. Salad-stuffed tomatoes (recipe on this page).
7. Shallots, radishes, celery curls.

## SALAD-STUFFED TOMATOES

Three-quarters cup diced cooked carrot, ½ cup cooked peas, ½ cup finely chopped raw celery, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1-3rd cup mayonnaise, medium-sized firm tomatoes, salt, pepper, sliced stuffed olives.

Combine carrot, peas, celery, onion, parsley, and mayonnaise. Toss lightly to mix. Cut a slice from the top of each tomato. With a teaspoon scoop out the centre pulp (reserve

for future use). Invert cases on flat plate to drain. Dust cases with salt and pepper, fill with vegetable mixture. Top each one with a slice of stuffed olive.

## MOCK HAM

Slice and serve instead of leg ham on chicken and ham platter.

One leg of lamb pumped with brine solution, 3 or 4 bacon bones, 1 medium onion studded with 3 or 4 cloves, 3 or 4 sprigs parsley, 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar, melted butter, browned breadcrumbs.

Wash the leg of lamb and place in a large saucepan with bacon bones, clove-stuck onion, parsley, brown sugar, and vinegar. Add sufficient warm water to cover the meat well. Place lid on, bring slowly to the boil, and simmer gently, allowing approximately 30 minutes per

pound. When tender turn off heat and allow meat to remain in the water until quite cold. Remove from saucepan, brush with melted butter, sprinkle with browned breadcrumbs. Place in ice-chest or refrigerator 4 or 5 hours (if possible) before slicing.

## ASPARAGUS WITH CHEESE AND EGGS

Three tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons flour, 1 tin asparagus, asparagus liquid made up to 1 pint with milk, pinch cayenne pepper, salt, 3 or 4 hard-boiled eggs, 2 or 3 rashers bacon, ½ cup grated cheese, parsley.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk and asparagus liquid, cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Continue stirring until sauce boils

and thickens. Fold in chopped hard-boiled eggs (reserving 3 slices for garnishing), chopped cooked bacon, and grated cheese (reserving some bacon, asparagus tips, and cheese for the top). Fill into ovenware dish, top with balance of bacon and cheese. Bake in a hot oven until top is bubbly and brown. Serve hot garnished with asparagus tips, sliced hard-boiled egg, and parsley.

## SALAD POSIES

Lettuce, tomato, cucumber, white onion, carrot, celery, green pepper.

Line small individual dishes with crisp lettuce leaves. Fill with wedges of tomato, slices of unpeeled cucumber, thin slices of onion, and some

**APPETISING dishes above are ideal for weekend meals. They are asparagus with cheese and eggs, chicken squares, chicken and ham platter, and salad posies. Recipes are on this page.**

chopped celery. Cut thin slices of scraped carrot, snip edge of each slice to represent petals, and pierce with a cocktail-stick—the carrot slices look like flowers. Arrange in the "posy" by pressing the ends of the cocktail-sticks into the tomato or cucumber. Cut green pepper into thin slices crosswise, and use for handles. Serve mayonnaise separately.





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THIS PINEAPPLE CREAM ROLL is delicious. Serve it sliced diagonally, so that each serving has alternate strips of cream and biscuit. See the prizewinning recipe below.

## Sweet wins £5

Prizes are awarded for a pineapple cream roll and a peanut fruit loaf this week in our recipe contest.

THE pineapple cream roll, which wins first prize of £5, requires no cooking and is delicious in hot weather.

Served sliced and buttered, the peanut fruit loaf, a consolation prizewinner, is good for afternoon tea.

All spoon measurements are level.

### PINEAPPLE CREAM ROLL

Half pound plain round biscuits, ½ pint cream, sugar, pineapple essence, 1 cup tinned or freshly cooked crushed pineapple, juice from pineapple, angelica strips,

glace cherries, coarsely grated dark chocolate.

Whip the cream until very thick, add sugar to taste and flavor with pineapple essence. Place pineapple juice into a flat dish. Add 2 biscuits, leave for a few seconds, but remove while they are still firm. Spread both biscuits with a layer of cream and join together with crushed pineapple. Continue in this way until all biscuits are used, then join the biscuit "sandwiches" together in the same way, making a long roll. Spread with balance of cream and sprinkle lightly with chocolate. Decorate with cherries and angelica. Chill

7 to 8 hours. To serve, cut into diagonal slices.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Williams, 100 Russell Street, Melbourne C.I.

### PEANUT FRUIT LOAF

Two cups self-raising flour, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2oz. butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, ¼ cup chopped peanuts, ¼ cup finely chopped apple, 1 egg, ¼ cup milk, ¼ cup sultanas, ¼ cup raisins, 1 tablespoon chopped peel, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Sift flour and salt, rub in shortening. Add sugar, chopped peanuts, vanilla, fruit, and apple. Fold in beaten egg and milk. Fill into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, serve sliced with butter.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Miss T. Rolfe, c/o Mr. Rogers, 152 River Terrace, Kangaroo Point, Brisbane.

## FAMILY DISH

A RABBIT loaf is this week's family dish. You'll like it served cold with salad or hot with vegetables. It costs 6/- and serves four.

### RABBIT LOAF

Two cups soft white bread-crumbs, ½ pkt. chicken soup, ¼ cup milk, salt, pepper, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped onion or shallot, 1 cooked rabbit, ½ cup cooked diced celery, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 large tomato, 2 extra tablespoons soft bread-crumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute.

Heat milk, when boiling add chicken soup and simmer 7 minutes. Pour over bread-crumbs and allow to stand 20 minutes. Add salt, pepper, beaten eggs, onion or shallot, diced rabbit meat, celery, and parsley. Mix well, fill into well-greased loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven 1½ hours. Cover top with sliced tomato, sprinkle with extra bread-crumbs, and dot with butter or substitute. Return to oven for further 15 to 20 minutes. Serve sliced, hot or cold.

### Tony's luxury dish

## De luxe rice pudding

THE Royal palace rice-pudding recipe has many ingredients, but it is very simple to make," says Tony of Sydney's Colony Club. "Seedless raisins may be used instead of candied fruits, and ½ cup of water may replace the liqueur. It is then an unusual and pleasant dessert for children."

Nine ounces candied fruits soaked in ½ cup of kirsch or brandy, 2-3rd cup rice, 6 cups boiling water, 1½ cups milk, 2 egg-yolks, 1-3rd cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup milk, scalded, 1 tablespoon gelatine softened in ½ cup water, 1 cup heavy cream, whipped, ½ cup icing-sugar, sifted, 1 jar currant jelly heated with 1 tablespoon kirsch or brandy.

Soak the fruits in the kirsch while the rest of the dessert is being prepared. Boil the washed rice in the water for 2 or 3 minutes, drain, and run cold water through it. Bring the milk to the boil and add rice, cook 15 to 20 minutes or until the rice is tender and all the milk has been absorbed. Meanwhile, beat the egg-yolks, sugar, and vanilla until thick and pale yellow. Stir in the scalded milk gradually, and place the pan over a moderate heat.

Stirring continuously, bring the custard to boiling point, but do not let it actually boil. Add the softened gelatine and stir until it has dissolved. Mix the custard and the cooked rice, allow to cool. Add the candied fruits and whipped cream, sweetened with icing-sugar. Turn the mixture into a slightly moistened mould, chill in the refrigerator.

Unmould on to a platter and surround the base with a sauce made by stirring the jelly and kirsch over heat until the jelly is liquefied.



# Easy to make (easy to eat) **JELLIES**



## TO UNMOULD A JELLY



Run knife point round jelly



Dip mould in warm water



Invert on plate,  
shake very gently

*Try these  
Jelly Recipes*

### Dishes Illustrated

"Jelly Surprise" is main  
dish. Smaller dishes start-  
ing from bottom:

- 1 Bananas in Orange  
Jelly
- 2 Green Lemon or Lime  
Jelly
- 3 Mandarin Jelly
- 4 Orange Quarters
- 5 Chopped Jelly (various  
flavours)
- 6 Black Currant Jelly
- 7 Jelly with Custard
- 8 Jelly with Ice Cream
- 9 Raspberry Jelly
- 10 Lime Jelly with Cream

### "JELLY SURPRISE"

(Main dish illustrated)

Table jelly of any flavour prepared as directed.  
Few tablespoons of a filling mixture (fruit, cake,  
chopped nuts, sultanas, chocolate, etc., etc.).

Set the jelly in a mould or bowl, chill. Take a table-  
spoon, dip in hot water, scoop out the set jelly from  
the centre into a basin. Fill the hollow with the filling  
mixture. Melt the jelly in the basin by standing it  
over hot water; cool it, pour over the ingredients and  
the jelly itself. Chill again. Unmould.

### "ORANGE QUARTERS"

Jelly—any flavour. Oranges.

Prepare jelly mixture according to directions. Cut  
oranges in halves. Remove pulp and membrane.  
Fill the empty shells with jelly liquid. Leave until  
quite firm. Cut each in halves again with a sharp, wet  
knife. Grape-fruit skins may be used in the same way.

**A "QUICK TRICK."** To set various ingredients in  
jelly, either let the jelly thicken slightly and pour over  
the ingredients arranged in position or add ingredients  
to the thickening jelly, placing them in position with  
the aid of a fork or skewer.

The table jelly dish is good  
and thoroughly wholesome—  
ready prepared and delight-  
fully flavoured, it is always  
interesting, always appetising.  
It can so easily be combined  
with many quite simple  
ingredients—fruit (fresh,  
stewed or canned), cake,  
custard—to create most  
attractive dishes.

*Everybody's  
Summer Mealtime  
Favourite!*

INSERTED BY DAVIS GELATINE (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD. IN THE INTEREST OF THE MANUFACTURERS OF AUSTRALIAN JELLIES

The Australian Women's Weekly — February 8, 1956

Page 51



**"I thought my beach coat was white... until I saw Julie's PERSIL-WHITE COAT!"**



Don't wait for an embarrassing moment like this. Change to Persil now. Whether you use a copper or washing machine, you'll find Persil washes whiter because it washes cleaner. Millions of tiny oxygen suds work through and through the weave till every bit of dirt is out. There you have the reason for Persil's whiteness—complete, thorough cleanness! And Persil is gentle to ALL your wash—kind to your hands, too.

**PERSIL WASHES WHITER—**  
*that means cleaner!*



## Architect's diary:

# SAVING SPACE

By Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY

Larry and Helen Saunders (the names are mine) gave themselves a headache by setting the limit at 10 squares for their proposed home.

HELEN outlined her problems to me.

"Each bedroom must have built-in wardrobes, with a fairly large cupboard in the living-room," she said. "The site has two glorious views. I would like the kitchen and dining-room facing the south-west, and the lounge and bedrooms facing north-east for morning sun and view."

Larry interrupted. "Listen, dear, I don't want to be pessimistic but I think what you're asking is a bit difficult to arrange in 10 squares."

"I've tried dozens of plans and I've come to the conclusion it's impossible to have an economical rectangular plan and maintain the correct aspect and view in each room. Something has to be sacrificed for economy."

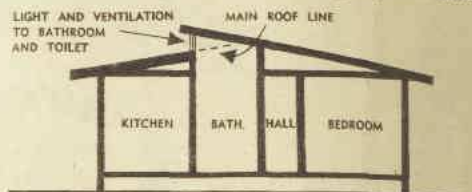
Mrs. Saunders produced a rough sketch which indicated their difficulty in keeping the floor area below 10 squares.

"You see," explained Mrs. Saunders, "the bathroom seems to make a long hall necessary and in other schemes it spoils the view which I would like from a bedroom. Must the bathroom be on an outside wall?"

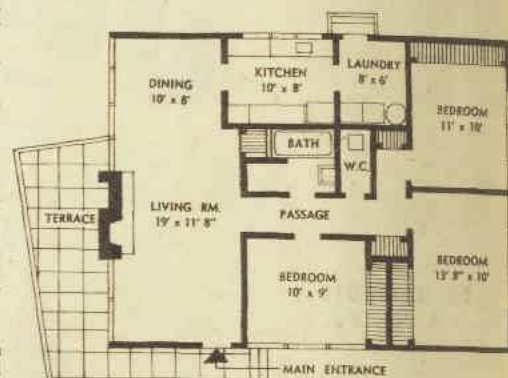
"Of course, dear," said Larry. "The council would insist on it."

Mrs. Saunders looked at me for support and at last I got a word in.

"I think you may have hit on the solution to the problem. A centre bathroom is possible if you have external light and ventilation. By doing that the squarish-shaped plan with a



SECTION SHOWING METHOD OF LIGHTING AND VENTILATING INTERIOR BATHROOM



PLAN SHOWING INTERIOR BATHROOM

PLAN ABOVE shows house of 10 squares with an interior bathroom located to give maximum privacy. It also allows bedrooms and living-rooms that can face delightful views.

minimum of external wall becomes easier to plan.

"The trip from bedroom to bathroom is shortened and the bathroom has more privacy."

"But how on earth would you get a window into it?" asked Larry.

I sketched a cross-section through the building which

indicated a simple pitched roof with a portion of it carrying up as a skillion over the bathroom.

I explained: "By lining the underside of the bathroom rafters to provide a sloping ceiling it is possible to install a highlight window above the general roof level."

"There are many stock window fittings which operate simply by cord or some other means of remote control."

*Bill McMurray*

## Bedding down

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

IT'S important to "bed-down" a baby properly because he spends much of his early life in his bassinet.

First choose a suitable bassinet, roomy, well ventilated, and compact.

Babies thrive in fresh air and sunshine.

Here are some general rules:

- Place an enveloping blanket under the mattress so there is no chance of baby getting uncovered and perhaps chilled.
- Bed-clothes should be light but warm, to suit the temperature.
- Use a firm, properly made mattress (fibre is recommended for the bassinet) and protect it by a loose chaff shakedown or thin tetra mattress.
- Never use a pillow under the head for the first month, and then only a small, very flat chaff or tetra pillow. Never have anything loose over the pillow or round the shoulders that could twist round his neck.
- Push the mattress hard up against the top of the bassinet so that there is no space in which his head can get caught.
- Never tuck clothes too tightly across the baby's chest. This might interfere with good breathing.
- Never use a piece of rubber or plastic sheeting to cover the whole mattress, as this is overheating and unhealthy. Place a strip under the baby's buttocks, just wide enough to protect the mattress and undersheet. Cover this with a piece of flannel or blanket.

Full instructions for making up a baby's bed and other aspects of early baby care are given in a chapter of the book "You and Your Baby."

This can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau. Price 12/6, plus 9d. postage. Names and addresses should be clearly printed.

## Miss Precious Minutes

TO clean suede shoes try the following method: First well brush every spot off the shoes, then go all over shoes with an old toothbrush (soaked in ordinary methylated spirit). Give the shoes two coats with this treatment, and let them dry in the shade. No odor is left when they are dry, and the suede is not injured at all.

★ ★ ★  
WASH rubber-backed mats with soap and water if they become slippery.

★ ★ ★  
REMOVE grass stains from tennis shoes by applying a mixture of a teaspoon of peroxide and a few drops of ammonia. Rub with a clean, wet cloth and leave to dry.

★ ★ ★  
A SIMPLE but effective method of sharpening a pair of scissors in a hurry is to take a piece of sandpaper and cut it up. The rough edges will sharpen the blades of the scissors.



# BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F3947. — Beginners' pattern for a prettily styled lace-trimmed blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

# Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St. Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4066 G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 86-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F3933. — Graceful floor-length evening dress. The moulded bodice top has a deep cut V-neckline and below-elbow sleeves. The skirt is flared. Sizes 34 to 40in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. lace and 3yds. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.

F3989. — Bib-pinafore, and short-sleeved, American style blouse. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires: Pinafore, 3yds. 54in. material; blouse, 2yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F4000. — Chic suit designed for teenagers. The jacket has a double-breasted fastening, the skirt all-round knife pleats. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6.

F3933

F3947

F3990. — Smart, slim-line coat dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F3989

F3990

F4000

F3998. — New torso-line pinafore designed for the sub-teen ages. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

F3998

# NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks after date of publication.

## No. 171—ONE-PIECE DRESS

The dress, with its cool, scooped-out neckline and short sleeves, is obtainable cut out ready to make in striped cotton. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, and green and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 36 6, postage and registration 2/9 extra; 36 and 38in. bust 37/11, postage and registration 2/9 extra.

## No. 172—SET OF THREE POT-HOLDERS

The holders are obtainable cut out ready to make in British cotton. The color choice includes green, blue, lemon, pink, and natural. The bias binding for the edging is not supplied. Price 1/6 each, postage 3d. extra. Set of three 4/2, postage 3d. extra.

## No. 173—LUNCHEON SET AND SERVIETTES

The mats and matching serviettes are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on cream and white Irish linen. Size: Large mat 15 x 15in. plate mat 11 x 11in. and cup and saucer mat 5 x 5in. Nine-piece set, including 1 large, 4 plate, and 4 cup and saucer mats, 19/11, postage and registration 1/9 extra. Thirteen-piece set, including 1 large, 6 plate, and 6 cup and saucer mats, 23/6, postage and registration 2/- extra. Serviettes—11 x 11in. 1/11, postage 3d. extra.

## No. 174—CHILD'S SMOCK SUIT

The suit is obtainable cut out ready to make in good-wearing baby twill. The color choice includes cream, lemon, pink, and blue. Size 1 and 2 years 35/6, postage and registration 1/9 extra.

174

171

172

173

10... 20... 30... 40 TIMES THROUGH THE WASH!

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can't shrink!



First time—or forty-first—out of the wash tub, Osman pre-shrunk gingham is still lettuce-crisp, perfectly fitting. Osman gingham simply can't shrink—it's well worth while every stitch you put into the making. Osman gingham are in lovely stripes, plain shades and the gayest checks you can imagine. For you, for the children, for busy days and lazy days. You can plan your summer wardrobe on the slimmest budget, for Osman gingham are so economical.

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# UNSIGHTLY HAIR?



**Banish it in 3 minutes**

Hair under the arms and on legs ruins your charm. And you can get rid of it so easily this new way. Never use a razor which only makes the hair grow faster and coarser. Just smooth on dainty Veet cream. After 3 minutes wash it off. All embarrassing hair has vanished, leaving your skin velvety smooth. No soreness, no stubble. Veet, at chemists and wherever toilet preparations are sold. Large Economy (double size) 4/11 Medium Size 3/6. Success is guaranteed with Veet or money will be refunded.

L350



# HALO LEAVES HAIR CLEANER, SOFTER, BRIGHTER

—than any soap or oily, greasy shampoo



**Halo—unlike most shampoos,  
contains no greasy oils or soap to dull  
your hair with dirt-catching film!**

Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather instantly, in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly. Rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Halo glorifies your hair naturally—brings back all its clean bright beauty with each shampoo. Safe, gentle, it's ideal for children, too. Make Halo your family shampoo!



**HALO Bubbles for lovely hair  
wherever you go!**

Leak-proof plastic bubbles filled with Halo. So light! So easy to pack! Handy for week-ends and holidays and perfect for keeping your hair shining clean.

HALO BUBBLES . . . 11d.

REGULAR SIZE . . . 4/3

SMALL SIZE . . . 2/5

*Halo glorifies your hair  
with your very first shampoo*



## Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, with  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and  
PRINCESS NARDA: Hear strange tales of a taboo "Isle of the Giant," where the water is poisonous and strange things are seen. Anchored

off the island for the night in the Ocean Wind, Mandrake and the crew see a giant fist threatening from the water. As suddenly as it appeared, the fist moves away behind the island. Mandrake is determined to solve the mystery. NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED



## ENJOYING LIFE—NOW



She's regular  
the natural way —  
without purgatives.

"Harsh laxatives left me tired, headachy and miserable," says Mrs. O. Randall, of Earlwood, N.S.W. "I'm a different woman since I discovered All-Bran — regular without medicine and enjoying life now."

The most common cause of constipation is lack of bulk. All-Bran, Kellogg's nut-sweet breakfast cereal, supplies this bulk in a delicious natural form. It builds you up instead of pulling you down, as harsh laxatives do, because it is rich in B vitamins, phosphorus, niacin and iron.

Accept this friendly offer. Enjoy All-Bran for ten days, with hot or cold milk and sugar, or sprinkled over other cereals. Drink plenty of water. If, at the end of ten days you are not completely satisfied, send the empty carton to Kellogg's and get double your money back.

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AP95-17

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YOU NEED  
**Hardy's**

INDIGESTION POWDER  
(also available in tablet form)

Proved over years  
in thousands of cases  
NO DIETING NECESSARY

IF BACK ACHES  
TRY A KIDNEY  
HOUSECLEANING

Are you embarrassed by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as Bladder Irritation, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Lumbago, Broken Sleep, Circles Under Eyes, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The first dose of Cystex, the new scientific medicine, goes right to work over-coming troubles in 3 ways: 1. Kills germs causing trouble. 2. Gets rid of reinvigorates kidneys and bladder. Get Cystex from chemist to-day under guarantee satisfaction or money back.

**TEENA** *by Linda Terry*



## Fashion FROCKS

"RENE."—Easy-to-laundry overall-cum-housedress made in check cotton. The color choice includes red and white and lemon and white.



Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 52/6, 36 and 38in. bust 53/11. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 52/6, 36 and 38in. bust 53/11. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

"MARTA".—Smartly styled one-piece tennis dress made in white cotton pique.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 54/11, 36 and 38in. bust 56/6. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 54/11, 36 and 38in. bust 56/6. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.



• Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 53. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

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delightfully fragrant

**Goya**



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A fragrant touch of Goya's Skin Perfume and you are instantly cool and refreshed. For party, theatre, dance, beach or travel... always keep some in your handbag. Available in all Goya's famous fragrances, including his fabulous new 'Black Rose'.

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lawyer  
will hear  
about  
this!



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*Munch them with  
cheese,  
Crunch them with  
ham,  
Spread them with  
honey,  
Or serve them with  
jam.*



*Often buttered  
never bettered -*

Only  
**Arnott's** make  
**Sao Biscuits**

*There is no Substitute for Quality*